The Outlook

NOVEMBER 15, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

The result of the elections as evident sixty hours after the polls had closed (when this number of The Outlook went to press) was:

1. As to the Presidency—on the face of the returns, the re-election of Woodrow Wilson.
2. As to the Senate—a somewhat reduced Democratic majority.
3. As to the House of Representatives—an almost even division between the Democrats and their opponents (including Republicans and six or seven members of minor parties).
4. As to State officers—no apparent increase by either party in the total number of State administrations.
5. As to liquor legislation—the adoption of prohibition in four States, its rejection in two or three States.
6. As to votes for women—the possible adoption of woman suffrage by South Dakota, and its rejection in West Virginia.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

Nobody knew definitely two days after the election whether President Wilson or Mr. Hughes had been elected for the next four years, or even when it would be decided that one or the other had been elected. The election of the President is not determined by the majority of votes cast, but by the majority of electors chosen.

Each State has a certain number of electoral votes, according to the number of representatives it has in the Senate and the House. The lowest possible number of electors for any State is three, since every State has two Senators and at least one Representative. New York has the largest body of electors, namely, forty-five; while New Mexico, Delaware, Arizona, Wyoming, and Nevada have three each.

Twenty-four hours after the polls had closed it seemed that of the 531 electoral votes President Wilson was fairly certain of 251—fifteen short of a majority. The States whose votes seemed then most uncertain were California, Minnesota, New Mexico, North Dakota, and (much to the general surprise) New Hampshire. It then seemed certain that President Wilson would win by gaining either California or Minnesota and any one of the other three States; while Mr. Hughes would need either both California and Minnesota or else one of these two and all the other three. At one time it seemed possible that the result might turn upon the three votes of New Mexico. Very narrow pluralities in several States suggested that the final decision might be reached only after an official recount. When on Thursday at midnight California was reported as giving President Wilson a majority of over three thousand, his re-election seemed assured.

DAYS OF UNCERTAINTY

When the sun set on election day in the East, it was still shining in the western part of the country, and in some Western States the polls closed at a later hour than in some of the Eastern States. Consequently, when the returns began to come in from New England and New York and New Jersey and Pennsylvania and the other States along the Atlantic, voters in California were still casting their ballots. Indeed, between the closing of the polls in New York at five and the closing of the polls in California at seven o'clock there was an actual difference of five hours. The East was known to be Hughes territory, and when the early returns began to come in showing big pluralities for Hughes there was no particular cause for surprise. But what did surprise and mislead, not only the ordinary citizen, but the trained observer of political matters, were the large Hughes majorities in the precinct returns from such a State as Illinois. When it began to be known on Tuesday night by nine or half-past nine o'clock that Hughes had not only carried most, if not all, of the North Atlantic seaboard States, but had won in the great Middle Western States of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and even Indiana, it seemed to many impossible that there was any chance

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for the President's re-election. Indeed, the New York "Times," an ardent and consistent supporter of President Wilson throughout the campaign, flashed from the top of its tower the red light which it had adopted as the signal for the election of Mr. Hughes, and kept that red light steadily burning until midnight.

That Ohio had gone for Mr. Wilson was no surprise. To the supporters of Mr. Hughes, however, the silence of Minnesota, which was not heard from, seemed ominous. And those who had been prepared for signs of the President's strength in the West were waiting for later information concerning the Rocky Mountain States and the States of the Pacific coast. Early returns from California seemed to indicate safe pluralities for Mr. Hughes, but these reports proved misleading. By the next morning the returns coming in from the States that had not been heard from seemed to be almost overwhelmingly favorable to President Wilson. The Western and Rocky Mountain States of Idaho, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Montana, Nevada, Wyoming, Utah, Washington, all fell into the Wilson column. These, with Maryland and Kentucky, the Southwestern States of Arizona, Oklahoma, and Missouri, the Middle Western State of Ohio, and the "solid South," comprised the unquestioned Wilson territory.

The spirit of Nationalism, as indicated by the Republican pluralities, reached higher levels in parts of the Middle West than some expected. Illinois, with its great body of newly enfranchised women voters, did not yield to the counsels of caution and "safety first." Apparently the women of Illinois were as ready as the men to regard National duty as paramount, whatever hardship might come with it. On the other hand, the other so-called suffrage States seem to be predominantly for President Wilson and the Democratic ticket. But it is plain that if that vote indicates a yielding of duty to a desire for comfort and tranquillity, the men as well as the women share the responsibility. As a matter of fact, the Democratic vote of the Far West is an indication that the people of that region are less responsive to the spirit of Nationalism than they are responsive to the spirit of democracy. They may be forgetful of the duty that this Nation owes to other nations or to its own citizens on the high seas and in foreign lands, but they have a lively sense of social justice. To them the dangers of the reaction that might come through a change in parties seemed to be more imminent than any danger of neglect of duty on the part of the Nation toward the rest of the world or toward its own citizens in foreign parts.

We discuss the significance of this election at greater length on another page.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS

Though the Democrats apparently remain in control of Congress, the elections have somewhat changed its complexion.

The upper branch of Congress, the Senate, has a membership of 96; the necessary majority is 49. The lower branch of Congress, the House of Representatives, has a membership of 435; the necessary majority is 218.

The present Senate stands 56 Democrats to 40 Republicans—a Democratic majority of 16. According to latest returns, the future Senate may have 54 Democrats and 42 Republicans—a Democratic majority of 12.

The present House has 229 Democrats, 198 Republicans, 6 Progressives, one Socialist, and one Independent—a Democratic majority of 23 over the Republicans and the members of the minor political parties. According to partial returns, the future House may consist in a practical tie as between Republicans and Democrats when final returns have been reported, but with indications favoring a very slight Republican majority.

NEW SENATORS AND OLD

In last week's election 33 United States Senators were chosen, but, in all, 35 new Senators will take their seats next March. The 35 include the two Senators elected by the Republicans in the September Maine election. The 35 also include the one-third increase of the whole number of Senators necessary every two years, and the replacements of those who died in office.

In the Senate the Republican gains have been in the States of Maine, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Indiana, and West Virginia; the Democratic gains have been in the States of Delaware, Rhode Island, Utah, and later returns may disclose victories also in New Mexico and Wyoming.

Next to the choice of the President probably the most notable result of last Tuesday's elections is the new Republican blood in the

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Senate, for the Republican Senatorial gains are more significant not only in quantity but also in quality than are the Democratic. Most noteworthy is Hiram Johnson, of California, Republican, succeeding to the seat of Senator Works, Republican. Mr. Johnson is known throughout the whole country as a man of compelling force, and especially an executive who has made of California the most progressive State in the Union. He has always maintained the qualities which distinguished him when he was one of the prosecuting attorneys in the San Francisco cases involving leading city officials and almost all the public utility corporations. He was one of the founders of the Progressive party, and was its candidate for Vice-President. A portrait of Senator-elect Johnson appears on another page.

Frank B. Kellogg, of Minnesota, succeeds to the seat of Senator Clapp, a progressive Republican. Mr. Kellogg is another famous prosecutor. He represented the United States Government against the Standard Oil Company; he was also special counsel for the Inter-State Commerce Commission in the action to dissolve the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific merger.

A well-known figure reappears in the person of Philander C. Knox, Republican, from Pennsylvania, succeeding Senator Oliver, a Republican. Mr. Knox was Attorney-General of the Cabinets of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, and discharged the duties of that office with signal ability. He became United States Senator in 1904, and resigned in 1909 to accept the office of Secretary of State in President's Taft's Cabinet.

Another improvement in the personnel of the Senate results from the election of Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, who succeeds to the seat of Senator Martine, Democrat. In no State occurred a more striking setback to a political machine than that resulting in the unexpected choice by the New Jersey primaries of Mr. Frelinghuysen over the Hon. Franklin Murphy, the machine candidate. Mr. Frelinghuysen is a man of strong fiber.

William M. Calder, of New York, is also a new man in the Senate. He has had a decade's experience in the House. Mr. Calder succeeds to the seat now held by the Hon. James A. O'Gorman, Democrat. There come also Harry S. New and James E. Watson, Republicans, from Indiana, in succession to the seats now occupied by Senators Kern and Taggart, Democrats. In Maine, ex-Governor Fernald, Republican, will appear alongside Colonel Frederick Hale, Republican, who won the seat now occupied by Senator Charles F. Johnson, a Democrat. The most surprising Republican victories, however, have been in the border States of Maryland and West Virginia. The first remains Democratic, and yet Dr. Joseph Erwin France, Republican, will replace Senator Blair Lee, Democrat, in the Senate; from the second State, which now becomes Republican, Representative Sutherland will replace Senator William E. Chilton, Democrat. These victories are plainly due to independent thinking.

Among Republican Senators replaced by Democrats we have to chronicle three unexpected disappearances of well-known figures, two of them from States hitherto considered by Republicans as "rock-ribbed," namely, Utah and Rhode Island. From the first the Senate will lose George Sutherland, who has been in that body for sixteen years, his successor being William H. King. Mr. Sutherland has been justly regarded as one of the foremost lawyers of the upper house. From Rhode Island, Henry F. Lippitt, an expert in tariff schedules, is to be replaced by Peter Goelet Gerry. From Delaware, Colonel Henry A. du Pont, an authority on military matters, is to be replaced by Josiah O. Wolcott. The Republican defeats in two of these three States may be attributed to factional disputes. In Wyoming the election of the Democratic Governor Kendrick to succeed United States Senator Clark seems to be confirmed at this writing.

Of the Senators re-elected, Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, Republican, looms largest. For many years he has been rightly regarded as the Senate's intellectual leader. Other notable Republicans re-elected are Senators Poindexter, of Washington (though the State "went" for a Democratic President and a Democratic Governor), La Follette, of Wisconsin, McLean, of Connecticut, and Page, of Vermont. Mr. Poindexter has been a Progressive and is now a Republican, whereas Mr. La Follette, who has been a Republican, has now become really an Independent, although still rated a Republican. At all events, he has espoused some of the Wilson policies, and in the campaign had nothing to say in support of Mr. Hughes; despite

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this, he was re-elected, owing to his large personal following.

The following well-known Democratic legislators have been re-elected: Senators Williams, of Mississippi; Reed, of Missouri; Myers, of Montana; Pittman, of Nevada; Culberson, of Texas; and Swanson, of Virginia.

SOME REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED AND DEFEATED

In the House, according to present returns, the Republicans have gained Representatives from Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Wisconsin. The Democrats have gained Representatives from Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and have won back the one North Carolina seat held by a Republican.

Among new men in the House is Medill McCormick, of Illinois, who went into the Progressive party but returned to the Republican party before the Progressive Convention in Chicago last June. Thus far no one of the familiar "war horses" of either party has been defeated. The House, therefore, will still have the presence of such Republicans as Hill of Connecticut, Gillett and Gardner of Massachusetts, Cannon, Mann, and McKinley from Illinois; and of such Democrats as Speaker Clark from Missouri, and Representatives Sherley of Kentucky, Kitchin of North Carolina, Moon of Tennessee, and Glass of Virginia.

Certain defeats should also be chronicled. One is that of Representative Bennet, of New York, Republican, whose unwarranted attack on Frederic C. Howe, Immigration Commissioner at the port of New York, reacted to the Congressman's political injury. Representatives Frank Buchanan and Clyde H. Tavenner, of Illinois, Democrats, were also defeated, we are glad to say. Mr. Buchanan had attempted to unite in a common cause his labor constituency and professional pro-Germans. Mr. Tavenner has been known as the extremest sort of a "little navy" man. Another notable pacifist, Warren Worth Bailey, Democrat, of Pennsylvania, has also lost his seat. Mr. Bailey, an ardent supporter of William J. Bryan, has been regarded as Mr. Bryan's spokesman in Congress.

The vote of the National Guardsmen now on the Mexican border will determine the Congressional contests in two Pennsylvania districts and may in some others as well. In Pennsylvania, William H. Coleman, Republican, seems to be elected by a majority of only twenty votes in his district, and A. J. Barchfield, Republican, appears to be defeated by only nineteen votes in his district. Hence, as members of the National Guard from these districts are at the border and voted Tuesday, the fate of Coleman and Barchfield will not be known until the soldier votes have been officially canvassed.

THE ELECTION AND THE STATES

It is difficult, after any general election, for a reader of the American press to form definite conclusions as to the issues and results of the State elections. In the first place, the first returns from the States are almost invariably inaccurate. In the second place, the final returns are too often unpublished because they have, in the eyes of the daily press, lost their news value.

But even while the National elections were still hanging in the balance, there were, however, certain definite tendencies clearly shown by the result of the polls of the votes of the States on their internal affairs.

The most interesting facts demonstrated are the growth of prohibition and the disintegration of Nationalism within the Republican party. The questions of Socialism, woman suffrage and the use which the women have made of their growing power to influence Presidential elections, the attitude of the labor vote and the so-called hyphen vote, are also features of importance. With regard to these last two factors, if the State elections show anything, they show that there has been no marked labor or hyphen solidarity, certainly not to the degree which had been forecast before November 7.

HOW THE STATES VOTED

Coming from generalities to particulars, it is necessary to consider the States both in groups and as individual units. The States which lend themselves most easily to classification in a group are those which demonstrated their inability to think Nationally, which were ready to sacrifice National candidates and policies to local quarrels.

At the head of this group stands comfortable Kansas, electing a Republican Governor by a large majority and voting for a Democratic President, apparently chiefly from a failure to understand the chief issues of the elec-

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tion. In this group, too, belong Ohio, North Dakota, and Minnesota. It might seem proper to include California and Washington in this list, save that the ineptitude of the old-line Republican organization in these States has made it doubly hard for the Progressive element to join whole-heartedly in the National fight. Washington still bitterly remembers the theft of her delegates to the Republican Convention in 1912, and Progressive Californians have had little temptation to work in harmony with Republicans for the election of Mr. Hughes, except as they thought in terms of the Nation.

Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana form a pleasing contrast to the political disorganization of the Republican States which we have already mentioned. In New Hampshire the factional antagonism to the Gallinger machine left its traces in the destruction of the old-time Republican majority both in the National and State ticket. On the contrary, in Colorado the liberal Republican Governor Carlson lost to his Democratic opponent after carrying the primaries of his own party.

In such States as Ohio, Minnesota, and Montana, Democratic advance has been due to vigorous and efficient Democratic organization as well as to Republican disorganization.

THE SOCIALIST, LABOR, AND HYPHENATED VOTE

It is difficult at this writing to tell at all definitely how successful the Socialists were in increasing their past votes. The National manager of the Socialist party, Mr. Carl D. Thompson, claims an increased vote of some three hundred thousand over that cast in 1912. How he arrives at this total we do not know, for the returns from the major parties are so incomplete that reports on the votes of minor parties are doubly uncertain. Mr. Thompson claims, too, that Socialists have elected thirty-five members of State Legislatures in twenty-one States.

Of perhaps greater significance than the Socialist vote is the evidence that the labor vote and the so-called hyphenated vote were very inconsiderable factors in either State or National election. The stronghold of organized railway labor in Erie County, New York, showed no signs of being excessively influenced either in the State or National election by the passage of the Adamson Eight-Hour Law. In Detroit, the home of skilled labor, and in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the center of the manufacture of munitions, the labor vote divided much as did the rest of the electorate. In New Jersey, a State which repudiated President Wilson, Hudson County, a stronghold of German-American citizens, failed to manifest any unusual enthusiasm for the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Otto Wittpenn, a citizen of Hoboken of German extraction. The Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Walter E. Edge, of Atlantic City, carried New Jersey by a large majority.

THE QUESTION OF PROHIBITION IN THE STATES

If any one group of people can find solid comfort in the State elections, it is certainly the prohibitionists and the Anti-Saloon group. As a result of their efforts four more States have been made "dry" by constitutional amendment and two States will probably be added to the "dry" column during the coming year by legislative enactment. Michigan went "dry" by a majority now estimated at about 80,000. The city of Detroit itself seems to have voted against liquor. In Michigan, also, a local option amendment to the Constitution, advocated by the liquor interests, was defeated by about 100,000. Montana went dry by perhaps 20,000 votes; Nebraska went dry by approximately 25,000. South Dakota likewise joined the dry column with an apparently decisive plurality.

In California a proposition to abolish the manufacture as well as the sale of spirituous liquor was defeated. The fate of a second proposition to abolish the retail sale of liquor is, as we write, still somewhat in doubt. The present indications are that even the drastic first proposition carried the State outside of San Francisco. San Francisco, it is conceded, went "wet" by over 80,000.

The two States which are expected to go "dry" by legislative enactment during the coming year are Utah and Florida, both of which will have "dry" Legislatures and "dry" Governors. Mr. Sidney J. Catts has apparently been elected Governor of Florida, defeating Mr. W. A. Knott, the regular Democratic nominee. Mr. Catts was defeated for the regular Democratic nomination and ran on a Prohibition and Independent ticket. It should be noted, too, that although Missouri voted "wet" at this election, Kansas City, Missouri, which not long ago voted "wet" by three to one,

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transferred itself to the "dry" column. Kansas City, Missouri, is next door to Kansas City, Kansas, and has had an excellent opportunity to study the experience of its "dry" twin across the State line.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE WOMEN'S VOTES

As we write, it seems sure that woman suffrage has been definitely defeated in West Virginia. A victory for suffrage is claimed in South Dakota, but a final decision on this point has not yet been made.

The most interesting conclusion in regard to woman suffrage seems to have been that the women did not vote as a class but that they divided practically on the same lines as the men.

In Illinois the women cast slightly less than forty per cent of the total vote of the State. They voted rapidly and in a businesslike manner. Previous to the election in many districts schools of instruction had been maintained for several days. Women who had never voted before went to these schools to learn the proper way to mark their ballots, a statement which shows how seriously they took their new responsibility.

THE INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF THE EMPIRE STATE AND CITY

The interest in the New York State election centered in the labor situation in Erie County, to which we have already referred, and the contest between Governor Whitman and ex-Judge Seabury for the Governorship, and such portents as were displayed of the re-election of the Mitchel administration in New York City one year hence.

Governor Whitman won his contest by a large majority, a fact which can be accounted for both by the large up-State vote for Hughes and the fact that Judge Seabury made an unexpectedly weak campaign. After his defeat in the Progressive primaries he permitted himself to make bitter personal recriminations which did not aid his candidacy. He also took a stand in regard to military preparedness and military training in schools which evidently lost him votes.

Much interest was manifested in New York City in the contest between Mr. Curran and Mr. Dowling for the presidency of the Board of Aldermen. Mr. Curran, the candidate of the Mitchel administration, was defeated by Mr. Dowling, the Tammany candidate, by perhaps 30,000. This vote, like that which President Wilson received in New York City, is much below the normal Tammany majority. In the city the fact that Judge Delehanty, candidate of the Republicans and Independents for election to the Court of General Sessions, failed of success by a very narrow margin is also taken as a hopeful sign that New York's reform administration may be returned for another four years at the next election.

THE ELECTION IN CUBA

Although the Presidential election in Cuba took place on November 1, there was some slight doubt as to the result even a week later than that date. The strong probability, however, is that the complete returns of the election will show that President Menocal has been re-elected by the Conservative party for another term of four years.

The delay in deciding the result is largely due to the slowness with which the popular vote is counted and returned from the far-distant rural districts in the eastern part of Cuba. It was a foregone conclusion that the Liberals would carry Havana and some parts at least of the neighboring districts. When, therefore, the returns for Havana, Matanzas, and Camaguey were made public the day after the election, the Liberals jumped to the conclusion that the considerable majority obtained in these places by their candidate, Dr. Alfredo Zayas, indicated his complete success. Later reports showed that the three great provinces of Pinar del Rio, Santa Clara, and Oriente had a more than correspondingly large Conservative majority. The more radical and aggressive of the Liberal politicians at once (and apparently without any sound basis of evidence) declared that Menocal's administration had "doctored" the returns in his interest, and at once resorted to the usual threat of an unsuccessful political party in Cuba, namely, that a revolution would ensue unless an appeal were made to the United States to intervene under our agreement with Cuba by the Platt Amendment. The mere fact that in time of trouble and impending danger Cuban parties thus incline to lean to the United States for support is not without significance.

President Menocal is a business man on a large scale, is unquestionably an efficient and calm executive officer, and he and his party are solidly in favor of industrial and economic development in Cuba. Dr. Zayas, his oppo-

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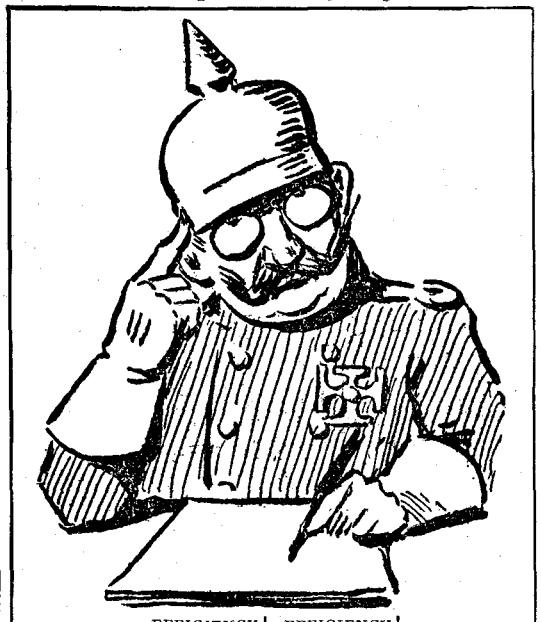
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Carter in the New York Evening Sun

ROYAL FONDNESS FOR SMALL GAME!

GERMANY AND THE SMALL NATIONS

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



EFFICIENCY! EFFICIENCY!

It appears that Fort Vaux was abandoned according to a prearranged plan, showing that German failure is as carefully thought out as German success.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE BOTH PREARRANGED

Forain in Le Figaro (Paris)

ON RECONQUERED SOIL

"I thought I should never see it again!"

THE DISINHERITED COME TO THEIR OWN

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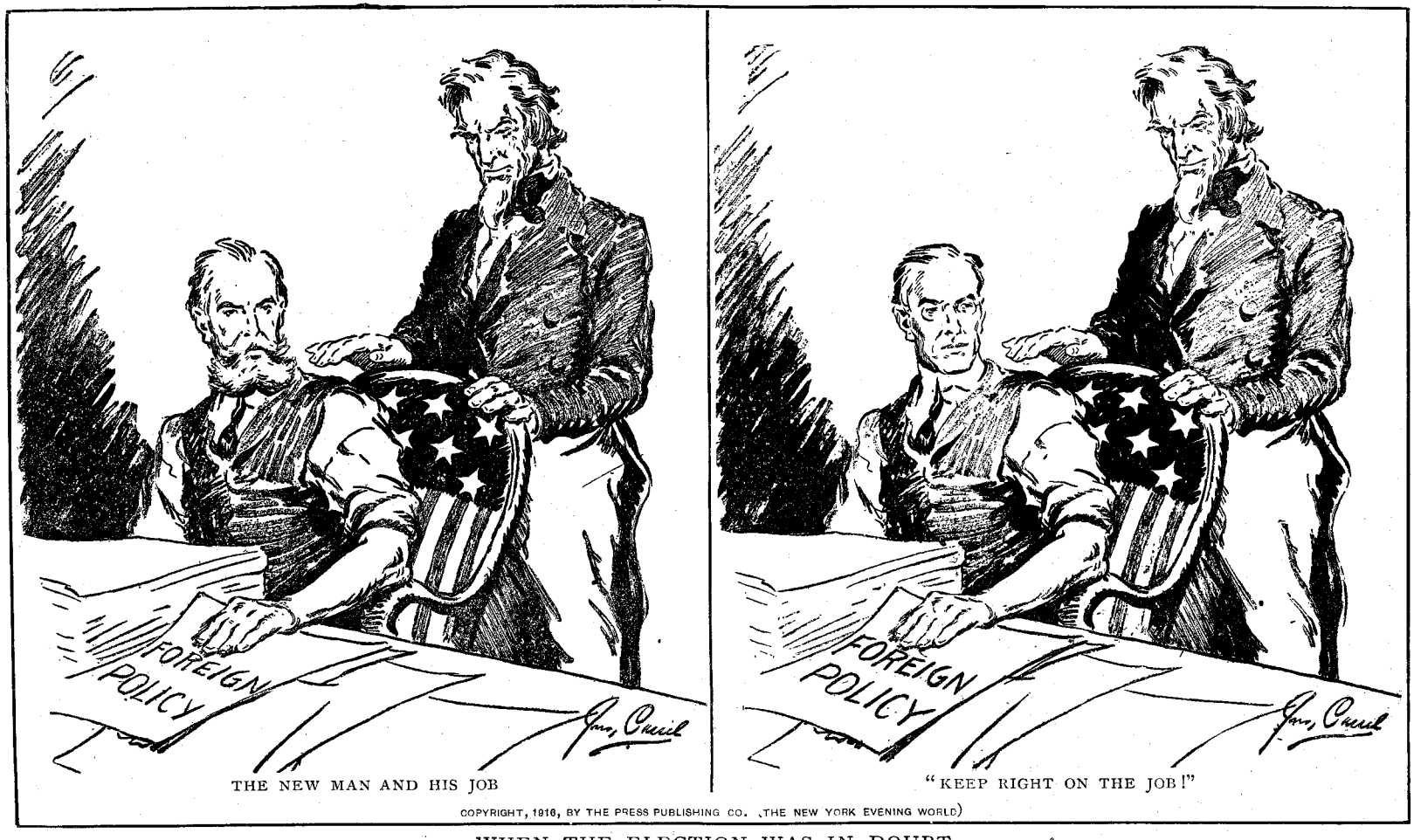
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World, in successive editions, November 8



THE NEW MAN AND HIS JOB

"KEEP RIGHT ON THE JOB!"

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WHEN THE ELECTION WAS IN DOUBT

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nent, is credited with being a man of more stability and enjoys a higher reputation for integrity than the former Liberal President, José Miguel Gomez, who has been described as a firebrand in the island's politics, and whose administration (the first after our second intervention) was turbulent, and, as the Conservatives insist, corrupt and demagogic.

Very little attention has been paid to the Cuban Presidential election in the United States. The reason is obvious, and bears a forceful lesson. Cuba is now a prosperous country; she is vastly less subject than formerly to revolution and disorder, and her elections are pretty nearly, if not quite, as matter-of-fact and quiet as those in Massachusetts or New York. All this she owes, as her leading statesmen of all political complexions admit, to the wise and strong treatment of Cuba by the United States. The American Government kept its promises both as to establishing an autonomous government in Cuba and as to preserving and restoring order if it should become necessary. The result has been so completely successful that in all American history, and perhaps in all world history, there is not to be found a more gratifying example of international unselfishness.

THE STORY OF THE WAR: VAUX AND VERDUN

The occupation by General Nivelle's forces of Fort Vaux, after its evacuation by the Germans on November 1, completed the achievement of France in reoccupying the section northeast of the town of Verdun which includes the village and fort called Douaumont (Germany's first great gain), together with the positions around Vaux, Fort Vaux and Fleury. Whether or not it will be followed by a similar advance on the part of the French on the western bank of the Meuse it is impossible to predict. At all events, the great German attack on Verdun, which began over seven months ago and which reached its culmination last June, is definitely at an end. This recent victory of France is less important in itself than in its proof of the falsity of General von Hindenburg's claim not long since that France was "bled white." That France can make this Verdun drive and win with ease while she is still carrying on her tremendous operations in the Somme sector is conclusive on this point.

One of the most interesting things connected with the Verdun struggle is brought out in a recent article by Mr. Frank H. Simonds, of the New York "Tribune." He says, speaking of the time just after the capture of Fort Douaumont, that the decision to hold fast before Verdun was not made by generals but by statesmen, and that it was based not on military but on moral grounds. Soldiers like Joffre, Castelnau, and Pétain yielded to the statesman Briand and carried out his ideas without flinching. Mr. Simonds's statement of the reason is well worth quoting:

> In this time we have terrible anxiety in Paris and grave division of opinion between the French army and the French statesmen. The army believes that the policy of wisdom is to fall back behind the flooded Meuse, not to attempt to restore a line on a hillside, with the river out of its banks and just behind, not to risk a great disaster and the loss of the whole army. In the view of the soldier Verdun is worthless, if the hills behind it can be held, and the soldier guarantees this. But the statesman sees more clearly. He recognizes that all France, all Germany, the whole world, will read in the evacuation a confession of terrible defeat.

GERMANY'S WAR AGAINST NEUTRALS

It is not exaggeration to say that, whether or not Germany is keeping her pledge to the United States as to not sinking merchant ships without warning, what she is doing all the time amounts to persistent warfare against neutral commerce. Thus we find in a recent statement from Norway that German U-boats have altogether destroyed one hundred and seventy-one Norwegian ships, with the loss of life of one hundred and forty Norwegian citizens. A leading Norwegian newspaper not only protests to all other neutral Powers, but angrily reproaches Great Britain for not protecting Norwegian merchant vessels. Of course the plea that the ships thus destroyed carried contraband is put forth, as it was in the case of the Norwegian and Dutch ships destroyed off our coast quite recently, but the extent of this anti-neutral action on the high seas is in itself an evidence of complete indifference to neutral interests and neutral rights.

If anything has been done about the destruction of the Marina and the killing of five or six American citizens, it has not, as we write (November 9), been made public. We hope that President Wilson has not been too busy in watching the election campaign to read a moving letter by one of the American

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survivors of the Marina, Samuel Devlin, published abroad. Certainly every American ought to read that letter, and for fear that all may not have done so, we take space to quote part of it:

I am an American citizen who, with the others, have just landed at a place safe from submarines. I have just had a narrow escape from death by murder on the high seas. I have seen six of my partners, also Americans, go to their deaths without warning, without a chance to save themselves, through the deliberate act of a foreign Power that has willfully broken its solemn promise made to you not to sink merchant ships without warning them and insuring the safety of the lives of the people aboard.

We want to know what you are going to do. You keep telling us you will not have American lives imperiled, and will not suffer American honor to be outraged. Well, there are six Americans dead. They went down in the merchant ship Marina. There are two other Americans lying in the hospital unable to move, because of their sufferings in an open boat in a stormy sea. . . .

It was dark and very cold and wet. Some of us were scarcely decently covered. Did the submarine stop and see if we were safe?

She left us in open boats on a stormy sea. In our boat we were packed so tight that we dared not move all night. We kept within a mile of the place where the ship went down, in the hope of coming upon some men alive in the water, but it was no use.

For twenty-seven and a half hours we were tossed about, frozen to the bone, in imminent danger of our boats capsizing. Our only shelter was sail-cloth. We shipped a good deal of water. Early Sunday morning we sighted a boat. We were unable to attract its attention, but finally, as we were beginning to despair, we were picked up by an English patrol boat. . . .

We Americans expect to go to sea again in a few days, to try to get home. What we want to know is, are you going to secure a guarantee for our safety on this occasion, or have we got to sail knowing that any moment we may be sent to the bottom without warning?

On November 6 the Peninsular and Oriental passenger liner Arabia was, it is reported, sunk without warning in the Mediterranean by a submarine. It is said that all of her 437 passengers were saved, but that two of her engineers were killed. It is not known whether any Americans were among the passengers.

ON THE FIGHTING LINE

The most important single incident of the fighting of the week (November 1–8) was, we judge, the thrust forward of the French forces south of the Somme River. This thrust is really an attack upon Chaulnes, and reports indicate that it is the Allies' intention to put Chaulnes in a pocket, so to speak, exactly as Combles was before its capture; that is to say, by advances on each side of the place so to threaten it that its defense, however strong the German forces directly behind it may be, shall become impossible. This method of military attack has been more than once used to advantage by the Allies in the Somme drive. An official French statement declares that in the Somme sector the Allies since July 1 have captured nearly 73,000 prisoners, 130 heavy guns, 173 field guns, and 981 machine guns. The French took more than half of the prisoners and guns thus captured; the British somewhat less than half.

Nothing of decisive importance has occurred either on the Rumanian or the Russian frontiers. In the Dobrudja the Russian commander, General Sakharoff, with a force of Rumanians, Servians, and Russians, is said to have pushed back General von Mackensen's army, while on the Transylvania front also Russian assistance for Rumania has made itself felt.

The new Italian drive, aimed ultimately at Trieste, but now working chiefly eastward from Gorizia on the Carso Plateau, seems to be making slow but, as is claimed, substantially valuable progress. This is one more indication that the Central Powers cannot now longer carry out their general policy of making fierce and sudden attacks at chosen points without leaving somewhere a comparatively weak position which the Allies, if they are alert and well informed, can attack with good probability of success.

A PAPER POLAND

The promise by Germany and Austria of an independent Poland to be formed from the Polish territory taken from Russia is a military and political ruse which, we believe, will hardly deceive many Poles.

The subterfuge in the manifesto issued to the Poles at Warsaw and Lublin is not even tolerably concealed. After declaring that the two Teutonic Emperors, "inspired by firm confidence in a final victory of their arms, and prompted by a desire to lead the districts conquered by their armies under heavy sacrifices from Russian domination toward a happy future, have agreed to form of these

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districts a national state with a hereditary monarchy and a constitutional government," the manifesto continues: "The exact frontiers of the Kingdom of Poland shall be outlined later." But the most illuminating section of this document is the following:

"The new Kingdom will receive the guarantees needed for the free development of its own forces by its intimate relations with both Powers. The glorious traditions of the ancient Polish armies and the memory of the brave comradeship in the great war of our days shall revive in a national army. The organization, instruction, and command of this army shall be arranged by common consent."

The revival of a "national army" to fight for Germany and Austria—that is plainly the principal motive of the Central Powers in generously giving away what is not yet theirs. There is not a word about autonomy for Austrian or Prussian Poland.

In short, the announcement of the Central Powers cannot be taken seriously. It was purposed, no doubt, to recruit Teutonic armies and to offset the illusive promises of autonomy and civil and religious liberty for Poland made early in the war by Russia. Neutral observers do not expect that the promise will be kept, but even if it should be kept the Poles will not be satisfied. Russia has been brutal to her Poles, but her brutality has not been very efficient. Germany has been brutal to her Poles, and with deadly efficiency. An independent Poland which does not include Posen and most of the other parts of ancient Poland now held by Germany and Austria will not satisfy the national aspirations of the Poles.

It is reported that Emperor William and Emperor Francis Joseph cannot agree upon a king for their puppet Poland. The Kaiser is said to favor a Prussian prince, while the Austrian Emperor's favorite for the new throne is himself. But perhaps this friendly rivalry is a waste of energy. As we go to press, reports of the recognition of the paper Poland by England, France, and Russia have not been received.

THE LABOR FIGHT AT EVERETT

Few persons outside of the immediate locality of the trouble realized that there was a serious labor disturbance in Everett, Washington, before the occurrence of the battle in which seven men were killed and fifty or more wounded.

The trouble between Industrial Workers of the World and the authorities of Everett has been brewing since the strike in the shingle mills in that city six months ago. The immediate cause of the clash was the ejection of members of the Industrial Workers of the World from Everett. Declaring that the ejection must be avenged and that the right of free speech must be restored, the leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World in Seattle called for volunteers to go to Everett. More than three hundred and fifty set out for that port on two steamers.

The fight began when the first of these steamers to arrive, the Verona, was refused permission to land by Sheriff McRae. After more than a thousand shots had been fired and five strikers and two members of the citizens' posse killed and fifty persons injured the steamer withdrew out of range.

A reliable correspondent to whom we telegraphed for information telegraphs us that the following facts have been established:

First, that the first shot was fired from the steamer; second, that the workingmen "went to Everett seeking trouble in revenge for the ejection a week previous of forty-one of their number by Everett officers and citizens;" third, that the recent outbreaks were developments of the strike of last May in which the Industrial Workers of the World took part; and that, fourth, "it all dates back originally to the Democratic free trade Underwood Tariff Law, which put shingles on the free list."

Our correspondent goes on to explain that "the men working in the shingle mills of Washington are white men. The labor employed by the shingle mills of British Columbia is eighty per cent Oriental, chiefly Chinese, but with a large percentage of Hindus. Sixty days before the Underwood Tariff Law put shingles on the free list all the American mills were running full time and half of the Canadian mills were closed. Sixty days after the Underwood Law went into effect all the Canadian mills were running at full capacity, night and day, but eighty per cent of the American mills were closed.

"The British Columbia mills were marketing ninety-five per cent of their output in the United States. The shingle industry in this State is in the hands of small employers who found it impossible to pay the old wages in competition with the cheap Asiatic labor employed by the mills of British Columbia. The striking shingle workers would not yield to that hard economic fact. The Industrial Workers

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of the World then appeared with the tactics that were provocative of hard feelings."

THE RESORT TO VIOLENCE

That this struggle had some of the aspects of a private war is indicated by the further report of our correspondent. He says:

"Everett officers and citizens were on the wharf prepared to meet the invaders, having been warned by the publication both in Seattle daily newspapers and in the publications of the Industrial Workers of the World of a proposal to avenge the forcible ejection from Everett of forty-one of their number. The Industrial Workers of the World called for two thousand volunteers from all over the State to join them in the invasion of Everett, 'to establish the right of free speech.'

"Everett citizens were not slow to respond to the call to repel the invaders, and all were fully armed, although their leaders said they did not expect to use firearms.

"Seattle Industrial Workers of the World officials recite a tale of abuse of the ejected forty-one Industrial Workers of the World on the 30th of October, declaring that a vigilance committee of Everett citizens was formed and that two lines two hundred feet long were formed and the forty-one Industrial Workers of the World forced to run the gauntlet. As they ran sticks, 'saps,' and various other instruments and weapons were brought down on their heads and backs. A score reached Seattle to be treated by physicians, some of them having photographs of their bruises made."

Without more evidence than has yet been made public, it is impossible to fix the blame for the battle at Everett. Before that can fairly be done it must be determined which side was to blame for the preliminary bad feeling, and whether or not the Everett authorities were justified in refusing to tolerate the presence of the Industrial Workers of the World in their city. But it seems evident that one main cause of the trouble at Everett is just such a lack of intelligent industrial legislation as has been back of some of the most serious strikes in this country.

FOR FOREIGN SERVICE

Many people who regard themselves as "up to date" are sadly behind the times in their conception of the missionary. To-day the typical foreign missionary is a combination of educator, preacher, physician, industrial director, agriculturist, diplomat, and statesman. Not even newspaper men, trained as they are in the art of observation, are more likely to be good reporters of essential and important facts than the competent missionary. There are some parts of the world concerning which the most trustworthy information comes from missionaries.

For a calling requiring such variety of gifts and powers the broadest and best sort of education is not too good. And that fact has been recognized in the plans of those institutions of learning which go under the misleading title of theological seminaries. Theology is only a very small part, and not by any means the most important part, of the minister's or missionary's training. Such an institution, for instance, as Union Theological Seminary in New York City is not primarily devoted to what is popularly known as theology, but is devoted to the professional training of the minister, as the medical school is devoted to the professional training of the physician. And such a seminary as Union regards the missionary as a minister in foreign service.

There has been in recent years great progress made in educating foreign missionaries as ambassadors of the Church. The twenty-five thousand Protestant foreign missionaries represent what Professor Fleming, the organizing director of the Department of Foreign Service in Union Seminary, calls "not only a religion but a civilization." In co-operation with Columbia University, Union Theological Seminary presents courses in missionary preparation under its Department of Foreign Service and gives an interesting survey of these courses in a special bulletin. These courses comprise not merely the more familiar subjects, such as Church history and the history of the philosophy of religion, but other groups of subjects of great variety. There are mentioned in this bulletin seven part or full courses devoted to various aspects of the theory and principles of missions. For example, one of these is a half-course devoted to the problems of racial contact, which involves the study of such matters as race prejudice and social isolation. Then there is a group of courses on education which are in part to be found in the Teachers College of Columbia University, so that the young graduate who is going into foreign service may be able to carry to India or to the far islands of the Pacific knowledge of recent methods and general principles of

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pedagogy. Then there is opportunity to study phonetics as a basis for the study of any language that the missionary may need to know. There are groups of courses devoted to the various countries of the Orient, of Africa, of Islam, and of Latin America and the Philippines. There are courses in practical art, in various university subjects, in medicine (including both theoretical instruction and laboratory work), and in agriculture.

This form of preparation for foreign service is, of course, best obtainable at university centers. Other institutions, such as Yale and Harvard Universities, Hartford Theological Seminary, the University of Chicago, the University of California, and Toronto University, are in a position to supply this sort of training. The plans of Union Seminary are very definite. It is hoped that the fund which is being raised will be soon forthcoming for the further development of these plans.

THE INSPIRING RECORD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

Like the Foreign Missions report to the Episcopal General Convention the other day at St. Louis, so the annual report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Congregational) at its annual meeting, just held in Toledo, chronicles the closing of the year with a credit balance. The Congregational Board controls a total of 5,550 workers, natives and all others, in the foreign field.

Writing to The Outlook concerning the Toledo meeting, the Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, the foreign secretary, says:

> The number of missionaries present was large, with more from Turkey than any other great missionary field, owing to the fact that so many have been excluded by the present war conditions. It is a significant fact that not one missionary among this number spent any time at all speaking of the hardships through which they passed, but their look was toward the future, and there was one universal expression of confidence that out of this war is coming the greatest opportunity in all the history of the mission work in Turkey for reaching the Mohammedan population. Missionaries who had endured every kind of hardship and privation, and who had passed through peril and death, could hardly be induced to make any allusion to what they had seen and experienced, but devoted themselves to the need of the country and the field, the demand for sacrifice on the part of American Christians in order that the wound of Turkey may be healed and that land redeemed.

At the annual meeting Dr. Barton also naturally emphasized Turkey as the place of most importance. As he said, in addition to the uncertainty of war conditions, many missionaries "have been face to face with atrocities too horrible to describe." Often their lives have been in danger. Three of their number died from typhus attendant upon the war situation. Great physical and mental hardships were suffered. "Yet in the midst of these conditions not one word of complaint has come to the American Board, or, as far as we know, to any of the relatives and friends in this country." Then came a peculiarly striking assertion: "Probably less than a quarter of the Moslems in Turkey are in sympathy with the acts of the [Turkish] administration in its treatment of its Christian subjects."

In the report concerning Mexico we read:

> During the summer, when the United States began to send troops into the country, it seemed wise for the missionaries to withdraw. From time to time, however, individuals have been back in the field, and, strange to say, report the work as going on with vigor and strength under Mexican leadership. This is especially true of Hermosillo and Chihuahua. The spirit of democracy is abroad in Mexico, and Protestantism as preached by the Christian missionary appeals to that spirit, while the same spirit opens the door for the Protestant preacher.

Of significance also were the passages relating to the Far East. In Japan the situation is "most opportune," for the Japanese themselves are leading a movement for a great union Christian university at Tokyo. In China there is a call for reinforcements to meet the crisis due to political conditions. In India the withdrawal of the German missionaries has added a great burden to the others. Finally, in Mindanao, in the Philippines, cities and towns are sending delegations urging the establishment of Christian work among them.

Truly the present is the missionary's opportunity, not only because of the remarkable conditions abroad, but also because of the remarkable conditions at home—the increasing sense of responsibility for them among the churches; the greater identification of colleges with the foreign work, showing that the student body is getting a world vision; finally, the more

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favorable attitude of the public and the press in general.

METHODIST AND PRESBYTERIAN ANNIVERSARIES

The Methodists, those enthusiastic dissenters who, through John Wesley, had left the Established Church of England, founded their denomination in this country in the house of Philip Embury, a carpenter, in Barrack Street, now Park Place, in 1766. Hence the Methodists are now celebrating their one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. From Barrack Street the Methodist congregation moved to a loft in William Street, and in 1768 to a church on Golden Hill, now John Street, a building for which Embury made an altar rail, and towards which Trinity Parish had generously contributed. The present structure is the third on its site.

The sermon preached in the old John Street Church on the first Sunday of the week of celebration emphasized the patriotism accentuated by the services at St. Paul's. Certainly the preacher, Bishop Chown, of Canada, hit upon a happier comparison for our Revolutionary soldiers than that recently made by Secretary Baker. "The Englishmen and Canadians fighting in the trenches to-day are like those heroes of yours," declared Bishop Chown. "They are fighting for the same ideals. Instead of George III, it is now the Kaiser." The speaker continued:

> George Washington was an English gentleman who fought to protect his home from a despot in whose veins flowed a dominant strain of German blood. English statesmen championed his [Washington's] cause, and patriotic and conscientious English officers resigned rather than fight against him. So sympathetic were the people of England with the colonists that it was necessary to go to Germany and import Hessians to fight against your liberty.

On the same day another New York City church—the Scotch Presbyterian Church—held an anniversary celebration, and this church is ten years older than either of the ones above mentioned. The Scotch Presbyterian Church now occupies a modern structure at Central Park West and Ninety-sixth Street. Its first place of worship was in Cedar Street, on ground now occupied by the Equitable Building. Later the congregation moved to Grand and Crosby Streets, and still later to Fourteenth Street near Sixth Avenue. The church occupied its present building in 1893. During its one hundred and sixty years the Scotch Church has had only seven pastors. One does not easily realize that this Scotch Church is twenty years older than the United States itself.

The two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the First Presbyterian Church in New York City also occurs during the present year. The first week of December has been set apart for the celebration of this event.

CHICAGO TO NEW YORK BY AIR

Victor Carlstrom, who attempted last week a flight from Chicago to New York between sunrise and sunset, failed of his main purpose, but he can be credited with at least two notable achievements.

By a non-stop flight of 454 miles from Chicago to Erie, Pennsylvania, he broke the American cross-country record of 416 miles, which he himself held. He also made a remarkable record for speed by flying from Hammondsport, New York, to Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, a distance of 315 miles, at an average speed of 137 miles an hour. The first break in his flight from Chicago to New York, made when he landed at Erie, Pennsylvania, was caused by a leaking gasoline pipe. The second stop was made at Hammondsport, New York, where darkness forced him to descend. His total time in the air traveling from Chicago to New York was eight hours and seventeen minutes, a time which would have amply allowed for reaching New York in a single day except for unfortunate mechanical trouble.

The credit for engineering this attempted non-stop flight between Chicago and New York should be given to the New York "Times," the newspaper responsible for arranging for the flight. That such a flight under the auspices of a newspaper means much more than a mere attempt to gain publicity may be judged by the experience of England previous to the outbreak of the war.

In England the press, notably the "Daily Mail," took the lead in developing interest in aviation as a factor of commercial and military importance. It was Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the "Daily Mail," who first offered a prize of five thousand dollars for a flight across the Channel, and another of fifty

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH BY McCURRY, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIFORNIA'S NEWLY ELECTED SENATOR

One of the certainties of the exceedingly complex political contest of this year is the election of Governor Johnson as United States Senator from California. As Governor of California, as a Progressive and a Republican, and as the candidate of the former party for Vice-President in 1912, Senator-elect Johnson has taken his place as a commanding figure in American politics. The photograph is a recent one, and a most striking characterization of the new Senator

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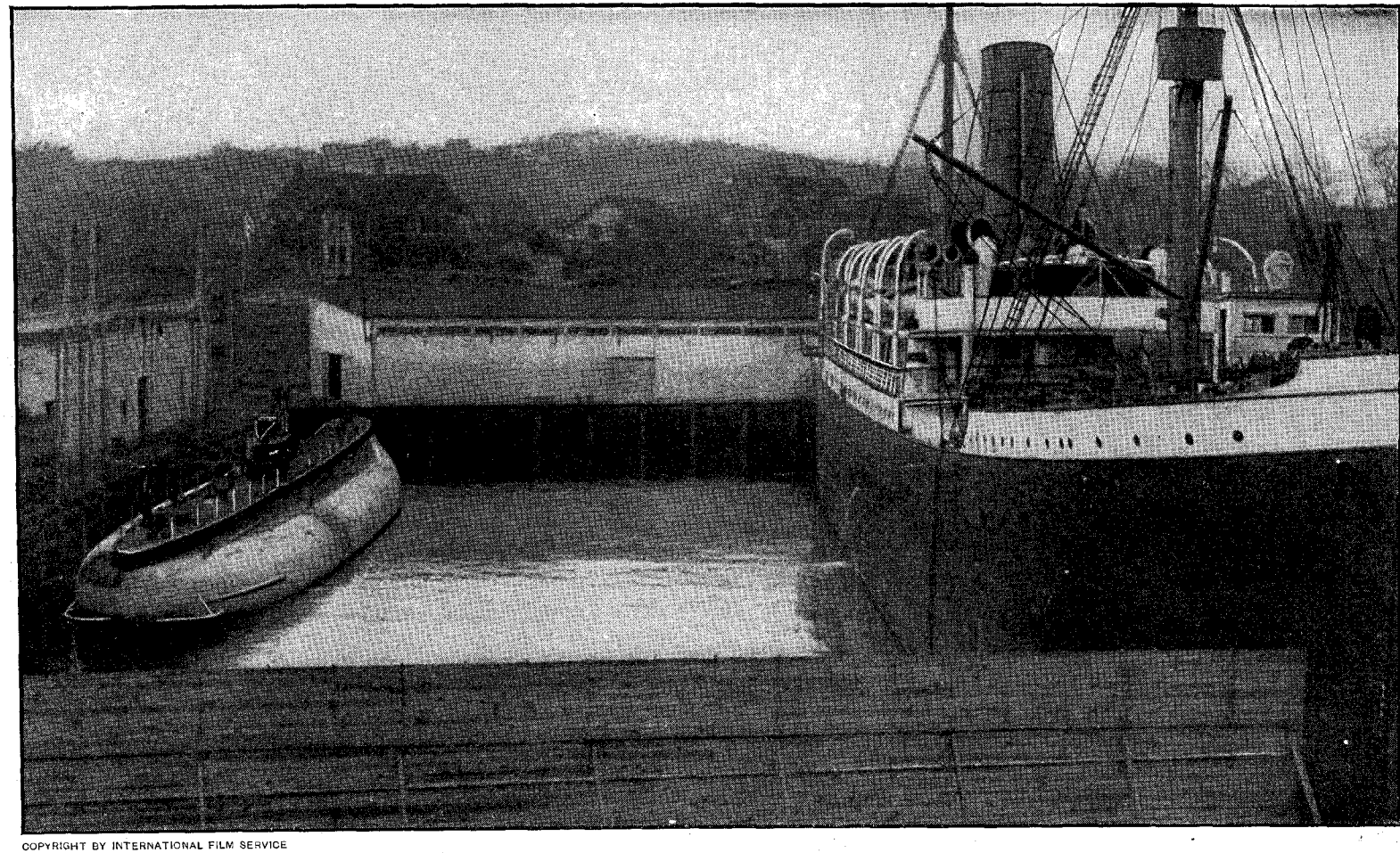

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THE SUBMARINE DEUTSCHLAND MAKES A SECOND SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE TO AMERICA

The Deutschland, which a few months ago startled the world by successfully eluding the British fleet and bringing a cargo of German merchandise to this country, has now repeated the feat. She docked this time at New London, Connecticut. The photograph shows how carefully guarded the little boat is, with the big German steamship Willehad at one side as a buffer against possible attack

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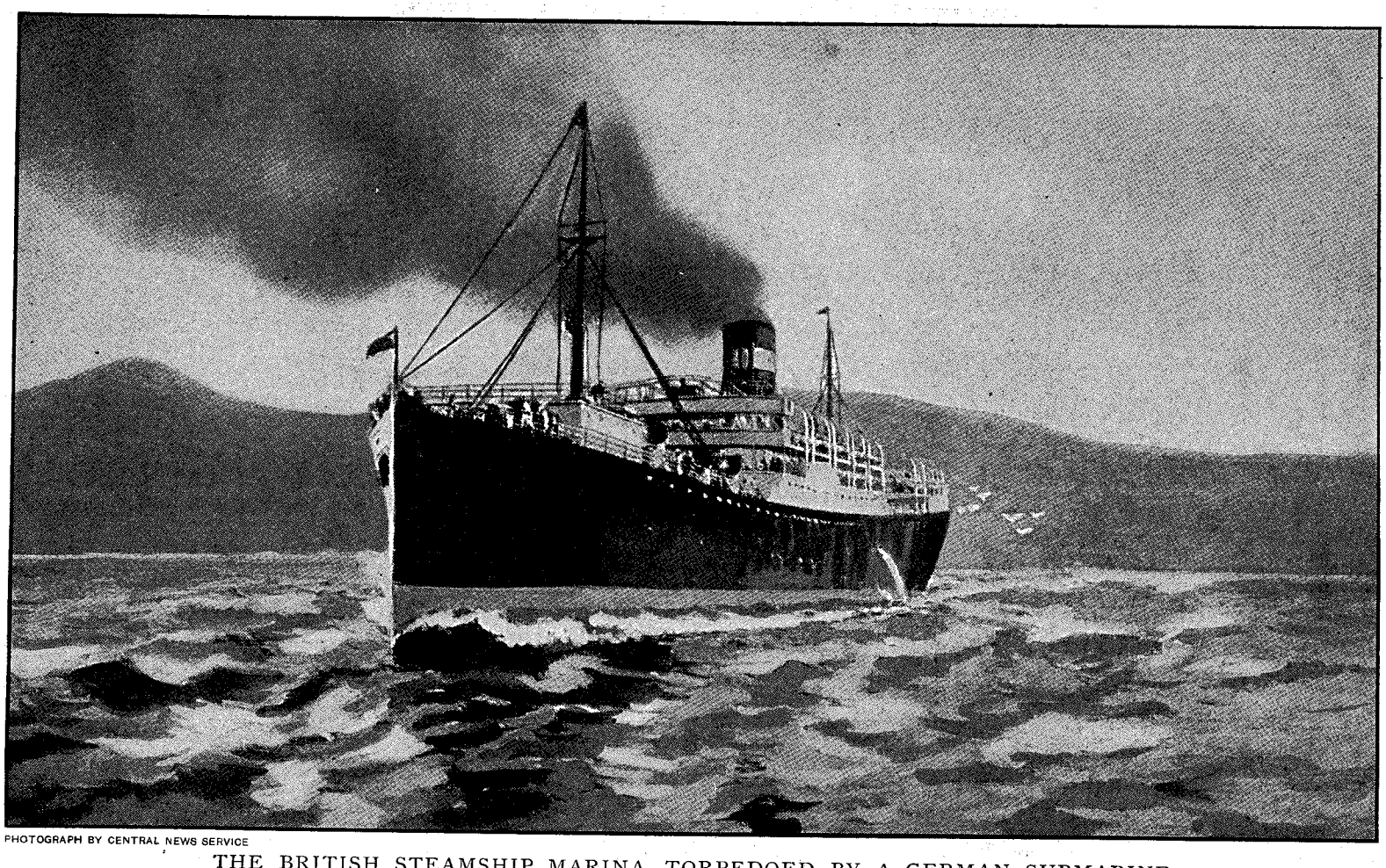

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP MARINA, TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE

The Marina was, it is stated by survivors, torpedoed without warning. As several of her crew were drowned, among them some Americans, the destruction of the vessel may prove an international incident of the gravest character

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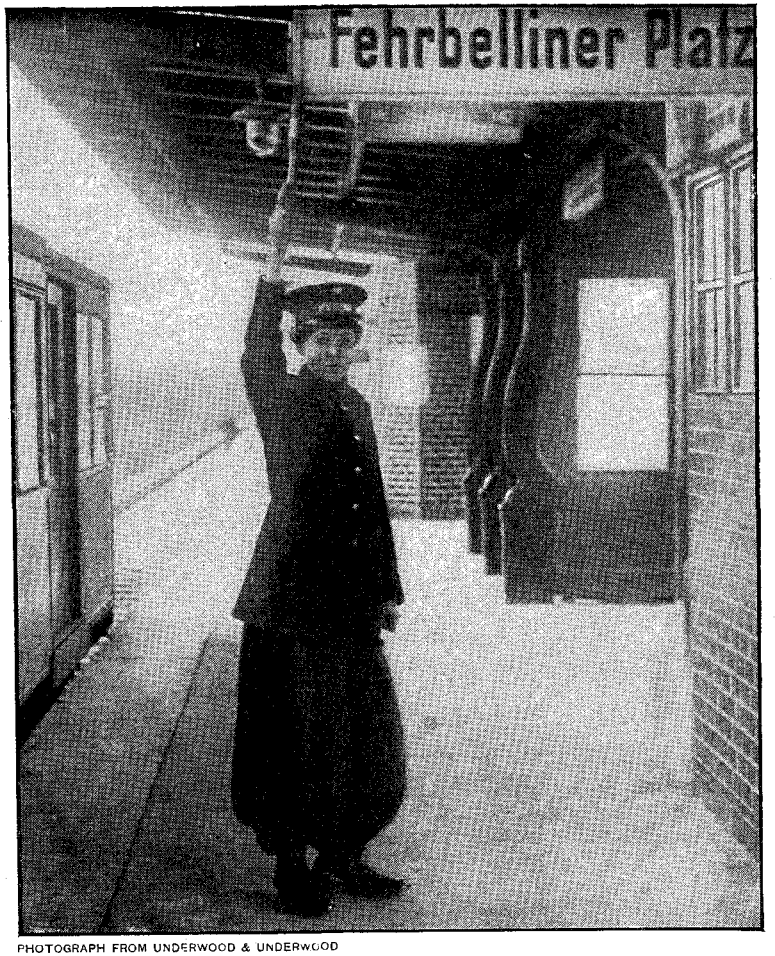
PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A WOMAN "SPRATTER" AT ALDEBURGH, ENGLAND



PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A WOMAN RAILWAY PORTER ON THE BERLIN UNDERGROUND

ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN IN THE WAR ZONE

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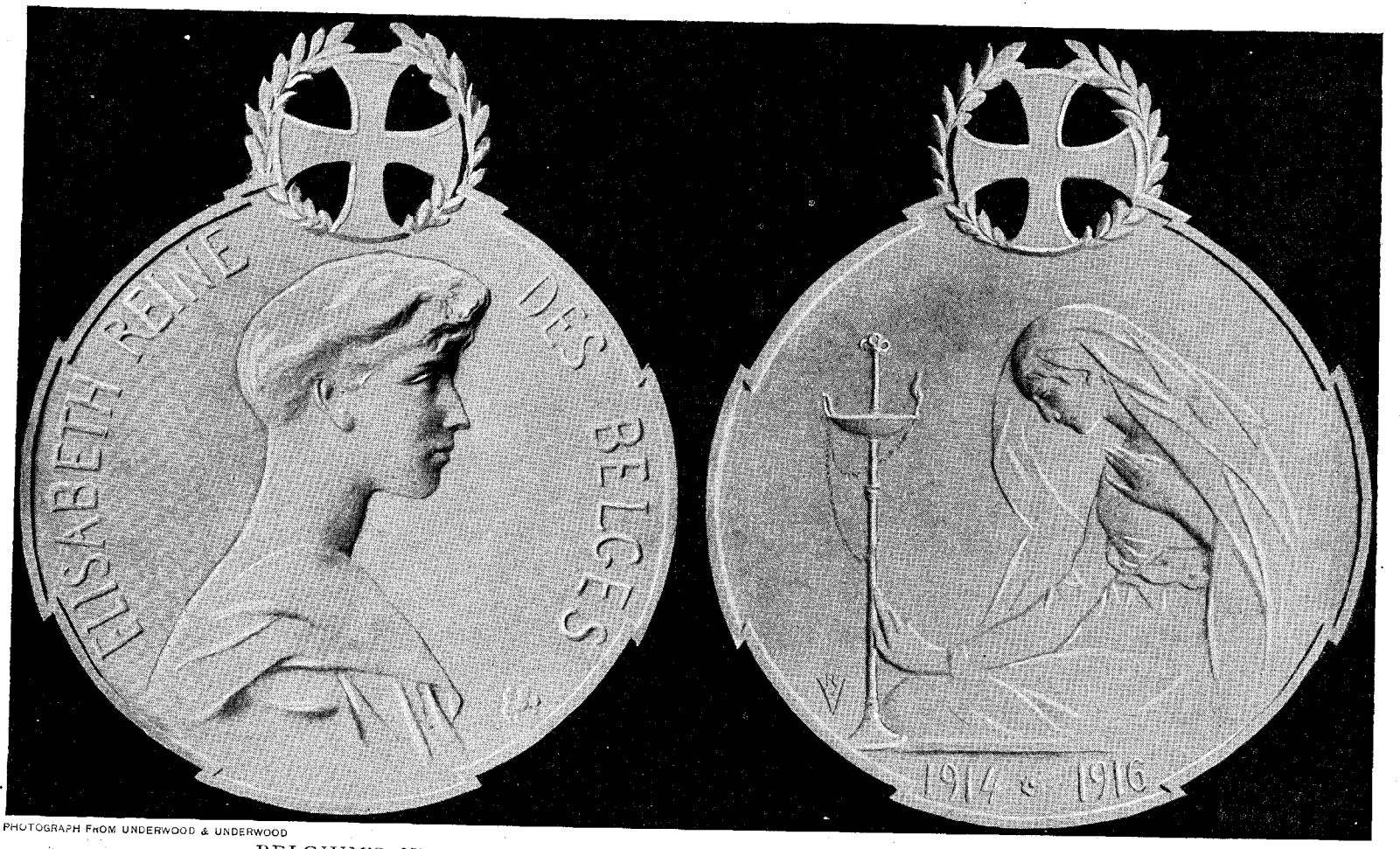

PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

BELGIUM'S NEW WAR DECORATION—THE QUEEN ELIZABETH MEDAL

The new medal, it is announced, is to be conferred without any distinction as to the nationality of the recipient. "It was proper," the announcement reads, "that the noble devotedness, the constant and discreet sacrifices shown in various war relief work should not sink into oblivion; and charitable people, foreigners as well as Belgians, should receive a public token of the national gratitude." The decoration was designed by Victor Rousseau. On one side it bears the effigy of the Queen, with the words, "Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians;" on the reverse is the figure of a nurse as an emblem of charity

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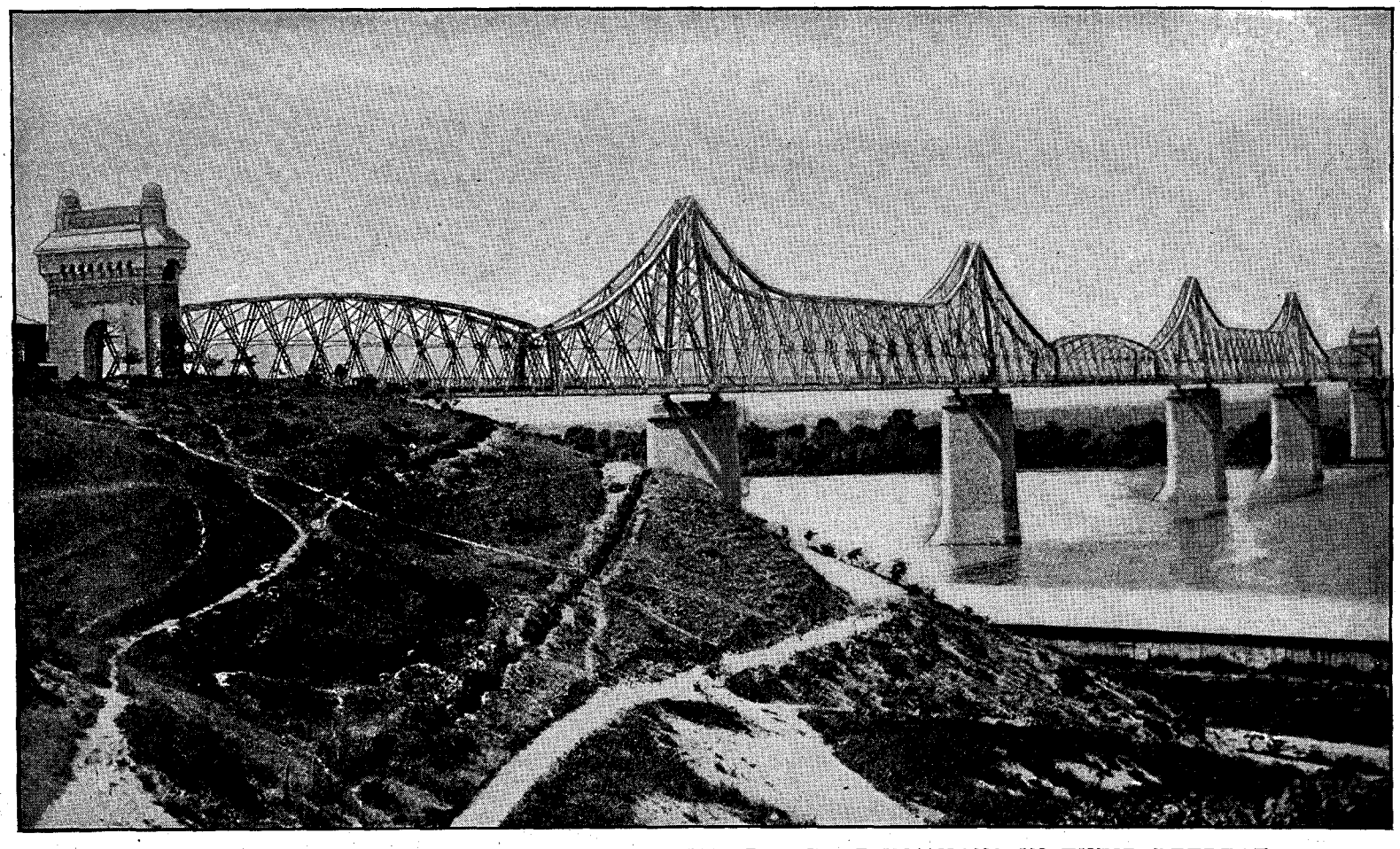

THE GREAT CERNAVODA BRIDGE, DESTROYED BY THE RUMANIANS IN THEIR RETREAT

This bridge, which was one of the longest in the world and which crossed the Danube River, is said to have cost $30,000,000. Its destruction by the people who had built it was a matter of dire necessity occasioned by the Rumanians' defeat at the hands of General von Mackensen

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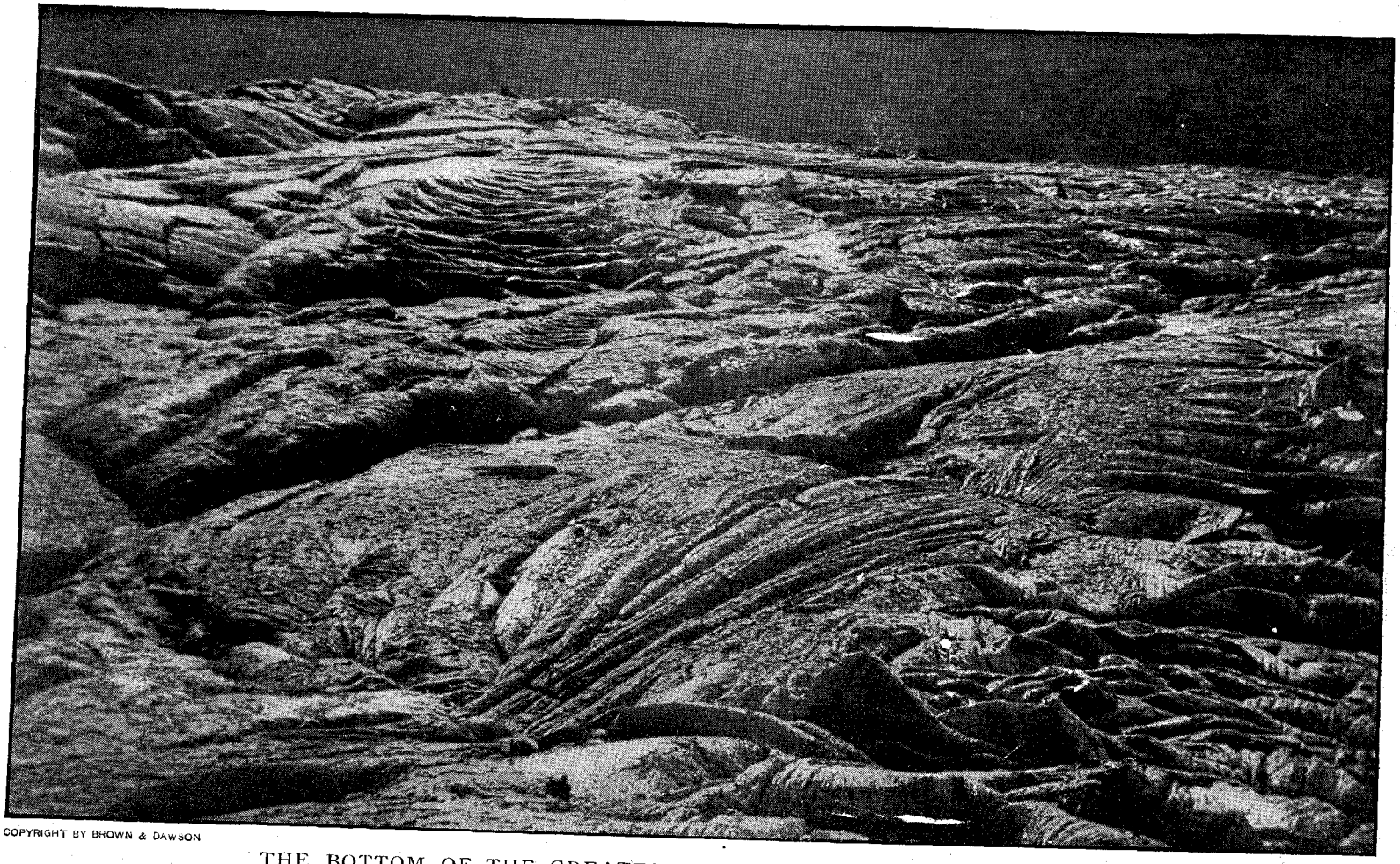

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THE BOTTOM OF THE GREATEST ACTIVE VOLCANO IN THE WORLD

The picture snows one of the lava fields in the crater of Kilauea, the great volcano of the Hawaiian Islands, which is now active. The area of this vast lava bed is said to be nearly 2,700 acres. In its center is Holemaaman, the active part of the crater. The lava, it is reported, is honeycombed with galleries, "some of them miles in length"

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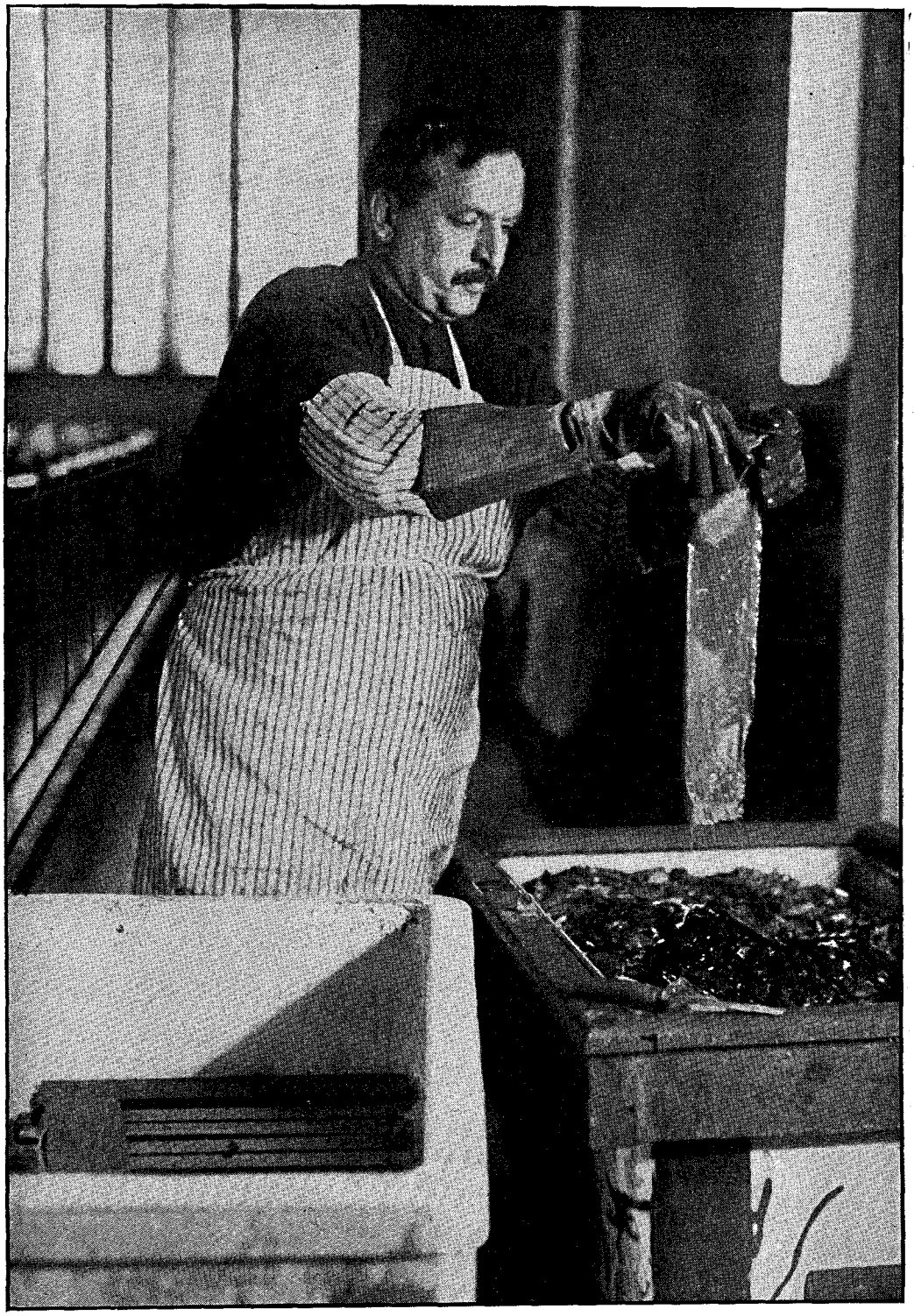

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IN THE UNITED STATES ASSAY OFFICE AT NEW YORK CITY

Vast quantities of foreign gold have come to the Assay Office since the beginning of the war. This gold is assayed, melted down, and recast into gold bars. The picture shows a detail of the process of electrolysis. The bin contains more than $100,000 worth of gold

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thousand dollars for a trip from London to Manchester.

Carlstrom's flight is obviously only a forerunner of the many long cross-country flights which will be made in the near future in the United States either under the auspices of commercial concerns or the Government. Carlstrom's flight, for instance, is a notable contribution towards the development of the aeroplane as a carrier of the post. It will be remembered that the Postmaster-General is authorized to spend three hundred thousand dollars a year for the carriage of the mails by aeroplane. As one step that has been taken in this direction it is to be noted that mail is now carried by almost daily flights from Columbus, New Mexico, to General Pershing's headquarters, a distance of more than one hundred and forty miles.

MADAME BERNHARDT AND FRENCH PAINTING

At the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo there has now been opened a very impressive exhibition. It comes from the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris, and has been lent to Miss Cornelia Sage, Director of the Albright Art Gallery, by the French Government. On the occasion of this opening the address was made by no less a personage than Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The opportunity of hearing the great actress on such a unique occasion attracted an immense crowd. Some twenty-five thousand persons were in or near the Albright Gallery on the occasion.

Madame Bernhardt spoke first of the "touching honor" to her, for, though far away from her own country, she found herself surrounded "by the very soul of France" in the works of art about her. She also called attention to the fact that the pictures and sculptures lent by the Luxembourg Museum were an expression of not only one but many French schools of art—the school of Rodin, for instance, representing "infinite idealism" in sculpture; the Besnard school in painting, with its immense decorative significance; and then the school of impressionists, represented by Monet and others.

The speaker also called attention to particular painters as worthy of greater attention, for instance, Bastien Lepage, who died in 1884, "at the very time when his admirable talent rendered him the peer of Millet." As Madame Bernhardt said, the painting of Bastien-Lepage is "of a delicate, luminous coloring and a simplicity full of grandeur." She might have called the attention of her hearers to the masterpiece by that artist, the "Jeanne d'Arc," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. She did call particular attention to the work of Dagnan-Bouveret, of Bonnat, of Gérôme, of Henner, "who died taking with him the secrets of the luminous treatment of flesh painting," and of Gustave Moreau, whose painting "seems composed of precious stones." She concluded:

> I am only the humble interpreter of the great family of artists, but I have the great pleasure and joy of thanking Miss Sage. She has been the means of bridging two continents; she has been the ideal link to bind together the two great sister republics. And at this time, so full of grief and sadness all over Europe, America is an oasis to our brains, so tensely watching the great events that are taking place; to our hearts, bruised by so many sorrows. America is the blue sky toward which all our hopes are turning. *Vive l'Amérique!*

We welcome every such opportunity that brings the French spirit home to Americans.

AMERICAN EMIGRATION TO NORWAY

At the close of a cable despatch from Copenhagen printed recently in a New York paper was the following:

"Among the passengers [of the Norwegian American Line steamer Christianafjord] were many American laborers who are to be employed by large manufacturers in Norway. Several more are expected later."

Emigration from the United States to Europe! Who could have foreseen this as among the results of a European war? And away from a market crying desperately for laborers!

The statement is not as paradoxical as it may at first appear. Norway has prospered as a result of the war. As of old, the Norsemen are eager to sail the wide seas over. They have seized the opportunity to share in the immense profits to be gained in the carrying trade. They now rank third in volume of commerce. Norway has money to invest as a result. With the influx of capital it has been turned into many useful channels. Manufacturing has been stimulated. Ship-building has increased. Part of the abundant water power has been turned to the task of snatching

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nitrogen from the air. Thousands of men are engaged in this work.

With the expansion of industry have come demands for larger plants, additions to transportation facilities, ship-building, and the erection of many buildings, including better homes for workingmen. In the Middle West are many Norwegians. A large percentage of them are naturalized American citizens. Naturalization, however, has not driven from their memories the scenes of their early lives. Now and then they have longed for a glimpse of the mountains and fiords and cataracts of their native land. Letters and papers from Norway are filled with news items showing the great demand for labor in the old home. Some are now succumbing to the temptation, for the wages offered are twice what were formerly paid. Carpenters, for instance, are receiving approximately five dollars a day.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY IN NORWAY

In Norway, despite the war and the consequent high cost of living, five dollars a day means more than it does in America. Rent is lower there than here. The workman can live near enough to his place of employment to walk to it. He has no car-fare to pay. The Government has taken pains to see that the necessities of life are sold to him at a moderate rate. The great profits of the carrying business, Norway's chief industry, have been called upon to bear a burden of taxation for the benefit of the laborer. The profits of the shipping companies have been drawn upon to supply funds for cutting down the cost of household supplies. By way of illustration, it may be stated that the price of British coal in Norway is prohibitive. Yet coal is urgently demanded in this northern land. So the Government applies the results of its taxation of the carrying business to the reduction of the price. The worker is thus enabled to obtain his fuel for less than five dollars a ton. The worker in America living within two hundred miles of the great anthracite region of Pennsylvania, where no one is pressing to buy, pays one-half as much again for one precious ton.

Fish is one of Norway's contributions to the commerce of the world. This product is in great demand in Great Britain and Germany. Norwegian fishermen can obtain high prices in either country for their catches. The Norwegian Government, however, requires the fishermen to set aside a certain percentage of the product of their labors for home consumption, to be sold at half the export price. Norway does not produce all the grain she requires. Grain, of course, is among those items of food supply which are high. This progressive little Kingdom, following the example of Israel of old, sent into another country for grain. This country was the United States. Sugar was also sought here. A part of the proceeds of the tax on shipping was applied to the charges for transporting the grain and sugar from the United States to Norway. Thus were the people of that country furnished with food supplies at a moderate price.

The law of supply and demand in its relation to immigration has not failed to operate in this instance. It is serving Norway just as it has served the United States and other countries.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Americans who feel that we are not concerned with the fortunes of Mexico and that our only duty toward that country is to ignore it will find food for thought in Great Britain's recent note to the Mexican Government warning Carranza not to be anything but strictly neutral toward German submarines which may wander into the Gulf of Mexico.

The note itself is not so significant as the manner in which it was delivered. Although England maintains a Minister in Mexico City, the note to Mexico was sent through the British Ambassador at Washington and the American State Department. This means that England considers us to a large degree the guardian of Mexico.

England is justified in this attitude by the Monroe Doctrine. We have told the European nations that we will tolerate no aggressions from them on this hemisphere, and that therefore we will assume responsibility for the acts of our small brother American nations. But for our repeated enunciations of this Doctrine and our willingness to support it in the past the French might be in Mexico to-day, and but for it it is more than likely that other European nations would have intervened to punish Mexico for injuries to their subjects.

Either we must abandon the Monroe Doctrine entirely or we must abandon the doctrine that the fate of Mexico is none of our business.

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THE MEANING OF THE ELECTION

What does the Presidential election mean?

It is a little over one hundred and thirty years since the organization of this Union by the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Then the United States consisted of thirteen colonies along the Atlantic seaboard. It now consists of forty-eight States, extending from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. It then contained a population of less than four million. It now contains a population of about a hundred million. With the exception of the Negro race this was a homogeneous and intelligent population. It has now a more heterogeneous population probably than inhabits any other land on the globe. Here are represented nearly every nation, race, religious faith, written language, and historical tradition. Nowhere will one find greater wealth or greater poverty, culture more refined or ignorance more crass; nowhere classes more sharply separated, though happily not as yet by hereditary barriers. Here are employers differing from feudal lords chiefly in name, and workingmen differing from feudal servants more in their spirit than in their condition. Here great and growing cities with compact manufacturing populations, and here wide stretches of country occupied by rural populations in widely separated homes.

The recent election emphasizes the fact that the most important problem of America to-day is to make out of this heterogeneous population, with its apparently conflicting interests and its certainly conflicting prejudices and prepossessions, a homogeneous people, united in their hopes and in their purposes, as they are certainly united in their destiny.

The folly of the Republican party in the reconstruction period immediately following the Civil War widened and made enduring the gap between North and South which the Civil War had, strange as it may appear, done so much to close. That widened gap still remains, and the Southern States, still afraid of Negro domination, though the peril of it has long since passed away, vote as a unit regardless of National perils that are near at hand.

In the North the old party lines have broken down. States that were counted surely Republican, like Kansas, have voted the National Democratic ticket, and other States, like California, have curiously divided their vote, electing Republican United States Senators by unmistakable majorities, and so dividing on the National election that at this writing it is still questionable whether they have chosen Republican or Democratic electors.

To the Far Western States, like Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Montana, and Washington, the terrible tragedy of the Lusitania in the North Atlantic has seemed as remote as to the whole Nation the more recent tragedy of the Arabia in the Mediterranean Sea. And California, which not long ago was feverishly excited over the remote peril of Japanese immigration, has shown itself singularly apathetic respecting the more immediate peril of sub-sea warfare against American commerce.

To the urban populations, especially in the Eastern States, the necessity and duty of protecting Americans on the high seas has seemed instant and urgent. To them safety first and duty first were almost synonymous terms. To the rural populations, especially in the regions west of the Missouri River, the protection of Americans on the sea, and even of American cities on the seaboard, has seemed a matter almost of indifference, and "he has kept us out of war" a final and conclusive reason for supporting and continuing the imperiling policy of the last four years. In the one section getting $1.75 a bushel for wheat has been an argument for Democracy; in the other section paying $12 a barrel for flour has been an equally cogent argument against it.

A comparatively small number of high-priced workingmen on the railways have demanded higher wages under guise of demanding a shorter labor day, regardless of the almost inevitable effect of that demand on the economic welfare of the great mass of their fellow-citizens. But the legislation enacted in their behalf has proved a boomerang. At least, it is a question whether it has not lost more votes than it has gained for the Democratic party.

The greatest need of America, though perhaps not its most immediate need, is not a protective tariff or a larger navy, or a better organized army or a wiser or a more economic Administration, important as all these are. It is a united people, who realize that America is one Nation, who desire that Americans shall be one people, with one allegiance, and who see that the interests of the Nation are paramount, never to be discarded or forgot-

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ten because of class or sectional interests. And yet this greatest need of our National life is denied by some and ignored by many.

It would be difficult to name any man in America who has shown greater devotion to the principle of the brotherhood of man than Dr. Felix Adler. And yet it is Dr. Felix Adler who has said just on the eve of this election: "Nationalism is but another name for centralism," and that "the tendency toward nationalism . . . is dominant at this time abroad, and we are in danger of being carried along by the same drift in the United States," and that "we should apply as a check the counter-tendency."

Even in the campaign this fundamental issue, Shall the United States be a Nation occupied by a homogeneous people, animated by a common spirit and seeking the common welfare? has been but dimly perceived and sometimes wholly forgotten. This Nation, founded on the declaration that all men have an unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, inspired by that faith, has grown in numbers, wealth, and power with a growth unparalleled in human history. But with few exceptions the question has not been put to this American people by the campaigners, What is the duty of this great Nation toward its citizens, toward other neutral nations, toward non-combatants, toward the land that gave it birth, and the other land that came to its rescue in the time of its great peril?

America is as yet only a Nation in the making. It is not a Nation as France is a nation. Its greatest peril is that from the crevasses due partly to geographical conditions, partly to sectional prejudices, partly to class interests, partly to racial temperaments and inherited beliefs. To close up these crevasses, to make the Nation truly one, is the first duty of the patriotic American, wherever he lives, whatever his party affiliations. Whoever shall be declared elected President of the United States, the people of the United States have no more important task before them than to develop this policy of Nationalism inspired by this spirit of fraternalism.

PATIENCE

We all regret that the election is so close. But we can all see in the election a new test of the rule of the people. And each one of us can do something to make the Nation stand the test.

Some newspapers have compared the present election with that of the Hayes-Tilden contest. The resemblance is superficial only. Then colossal frauds were perpetrated by both parties. Now there is no reason to suspect the managers of either party. It may be weeks before the American people can *know* who is to be their next President. But they can know now that every reasonable precaution is being taken to secure an honest count.

We Americans are a nervous, eager, excitable people, in haste to accomplish results, impatient of delay. Have we the self-control to wait for the slow processes of legal investigation? Have we the democratic faith to accept the legally declared decision of the majority?

Every one of us can do something to abate suspicion, encourage patience, promote mutual confidence and good will; every one of us can do something to prove to the world that the rule of American democracy is not the rule of the mob.

THE VILLAGE OF NEW YORK

To be able to pose as antiquarian in New York City, to be able to say, "Why, I remember when . . . " does not require gray hairs. Even boys in college can look at the northern reaches of the metropolis with retrospective eyes which contain fast-fleeting visions of pastures given over to goats and tin-roofed shanties.

Grant's Tomb was only yesterday an outpost of urban development. It is now far within the solid heart of the city. The day before that, the region south of Grant's Tomb to the east and west of Central Park grew, developed, and changed in character with almost kaleidoscopic rapidity. Simultaneously, lower Fifth Avenue, as an avenue of brownstone respectability, vanished to make place for the mart of fashion and the merchandise of the seven seas. The site at Bryant Park of the receiving reservoir which was expected to serve for all time the city's needs is only big enough to-day to supply a foundation for the city's library. The passing of buildings like the Astor House and the old Fifth Avenue Hotel is lamented by New Yorkers with something of the feeling which would spring from the destruction of a Roman bridge in an older civilization. Yet the tide of the city's development sweeps on, turning and twisting within the heart of the older city, leaving here a row of empty

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stores, there the isolated remnants of residential grandeur, while all the time it is spreading northward and eastward over the empty acres of a past generation.

Of this ever-changing current the only popular record has been the Manuals of David Thomas Valentine, the faithful and scholarly city clerk who labored for New York between the years 1840 and 1868. These volumes of Valentine's, copiously illustrated as they were, formed a record of the development of contemporaneous New York which the city could ill afford to have lost. And not only did they contain illustrations and information of the New York which Valentine knew, but they contained a world of valuable material saved from the records of a time when New York still centered in the cluster of buildings north of the present Battery Park.

Thomas Valentine quoted, as a curiosity, the records of a time when New York was truly a village; and yet, less than a half-century after his death, we turn to his Manuals feeling that we are curiously reading the story of a little country town. When Valentine started writing, the total number of employees of the city was four hundred and twenty-seven. The number of permanent city employees on the pay-roll to-day is not less than eighty-five thousand. Valentine's New York in 1842 relied upon some thirty-four constables for its protection. To-day, under Commissioner Woods, the Police Department controls an army of eleven thousand men. A contemplation of what has happened in the last fifty years makes the progress of the next half-century a matter for absorbing speculation. To what will New Yorkers fifty years from now turn to find a record of the appearance and life of New York in 1916?

It was this thought which prompted a loyal New Yorker to try an experiment that deserves encouragement and success—a revival of the Valentine Manuals of fifty years ago. The first volume of this new series, edited by Mr. Henry Collins Brown, has just been published, and it shows promise of rendering for present-day New York the service performed by the older Manuals for the city of half a century ago. Mr. Brown, like the writer whose work he is attempting as closely as possible to follow, has gone back into the old city records for historical material and the newspapers of old New York for glimpses of a city life that has long since vanished. He tells us, for instance, that in the latter years of the eighteenth century Mr. Isaac Roosevelt offered $8 reward apiece for the return of "two indented German servant-men named Peter Sweine and Jacob Ronk." He quotes, too, from fashion notes at the beginning of the last century. We learn that "the general mildness of March has banished from the promenade those weighty, gross, furry decorations which so recently were noticed, and which, for some reason, were continued through one of the mildest winters ever experienced in our atmosphere." We wonder what the writer of this passage would have thought if he could have seen the "weighty, gross, furry decorations" which have recently been continued through some of the warmest summer days ever experienced in the atmosphere of 1916.

Coming to more recent times, Mr. Brown takes up the development of the city since the death of Valentine. It is extraordinary how ancient appear the pictures of sections of New York taken even so recently as 1880 and 1890. Telegraph poles and cobblestones, low buildings and unfamiliar façades, mark the appearance of a city which has been born again since the elevator, steel construction, and rapid transit made possible the growth of the present metropolis.

We trust that Mr. Brown's new Manuals will grow and improve as did the Manuals of Thomas Valentine. There is a place for such a work in the life of New York, a city which for all its claim to being the metropolis of the New World still bears many traces in its life and customs of the village which long since vanished with the passing years.

THE POET OF THE YEAR

When autumn marches with golden banner through the months of sunshine with but a single day of cloud, the weather ceases to be a topic of small talk and becomes a major subject. The professional pessimist who awakes morning after morning to unshadowed skies and walks along roads or through streets of gay drifting color has the feeling that perhaps, in spite of the morning newspaper, "God's in his heaven." One is reminded of those little volumes in blue and gold in which he read his earliest poetry and which he cannot take up in later life without sudden thrills of old-time joy in the wonder and beauty of things. For him poetry ought always to be bound in blue and gold, symbols of the treasures of the sky and of the

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earth. A sloping hillside through whose trees the afternoon shadows lie overspread by the yellows of the hickory and birch, the reds of the maples, the deep, rich tones of the oaks, with glimpses of an enchanting sky through every fissure of foliage, makes one aware not only of his soul but of the unspent magic of the world through which he is passing.

The pessimist consoles himself with the thought that this loveliness is fleeting; the storms will presently wreck it with rude shouts of joy. But they too are of the day, and their insolent clamor is idle boasting; they scatter the leaves; they leave the hillside undisturbed. It is true that winter is on the way, but winter has a magic of its own; in the artistry of nature no effects are more delicately beautiful than the afternoon sky seen through the exquisite tracery of bare branches and twigs; and Lowell was of the opinion that nothing in the world is more beautiful than the rising of the moon on the brow of a snow-covered hill.

As the poet of the year, to recall Lowell again, the autumn makes us conscious of the loveliness of what, in our dullness of sight, we call common things. It is the unsuspected beauty in things that seem ugly that is brought to light; its magic gives the fallen stone wall, the rotten fence, the abandoned barn, the rude shed, a loveliness which seemed beyond the dreams of art when summer was in bloom. The dull country road becomes a thoroughfare in fairyland and the swamp glows like a palette which a master of color has laid down for a moment. The poet of the year rebukes our blindness, which is of our choosing, and makes us aware that nothing is common unless we make it so. For a thousand years men shunned the woods because they were haunted by malicious creatures, and avoided the mountains because they were crude and vast and lonely; then the blind eyes opened and the joy of the deep woods was born again in the heart of the world, and the mountains sent to understanding ears an invitation to rest, to health, to inspiration, to which few modern men or women are deaf. On the canvases of the American painters of two generations ago splendid color was the great appeal; to-day low tones and softly modulated shades make quiet landscapes dear and intimate. No bit of landscape is too insignificant for the report of the brush, and nothing in nature is commonplace.

It would be an impertinence to interpret a truth so obvious, to enforce a lesson set for the learning of all men. Only a dullard would be willing to make the early autumn explain its part in the miracle play of the seasons.

"WHY I DO NOT WANT MY BOY TO BE A MINISTER"

There is much in the article on another page, "Why I Do Not Want My Boy to Be a Minister," worthy of careful study by laymen in our churches, especially by those who occupy positions of influence or authority. But there is another point of view which must be taken account of by any young man choosing his life profession.

It is true that the minister has sometimes to fight for that intellectual freedom which ought to be secured for him by his church without struggle on his part. But it is also true that the minister is as free to *investigate* truth as the physician, the lawyer, or the scientist, and he is as free to *teach* what he believes to be the truth as most teachers or journalists, and more free than either the lawyer or the politician. The Outlook published not a great while ago an article by a young man who had tried both the ministry and journalism, and had gone back to the ministry from journalism because he found in the pulpit more freedom than in the newspaper. No man enjoys unlimited liberty. The lawyer must defend the cause which is intrusted to him, the politician the party with which he is working, and, with rare exceptions, the teacher must accept the curriculum which is prescribed for him, and must work in harmony with other teachers in the same institution of learning. There are too many instances in the history of the Protestant Church in America of ministers who have exercised the largest liberty of prophesying with abundant success to make it possible to doubt that he who has tact, consideration for the opinions of others, courage in the expression of his own opinions, and a constructive, not a combative, spirit has a large measure of liberty in the pulpit, probably as large as he would find in any other teaching profession.

The minister's income is small. But we doubt whether it is smaller than that of the average teacher or the average newspaper writer occupying a subordinate position. It is more regular than that of the doctor or the lawyer of average ability and possessing an

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average practice. He has not to find a market for his wares, as the author and the artist have to do, and he is not subject to the peril of bankruptcy, a danger which a large proportion of merchants have sooner or later to confront.

It is true that the minister who is over fifty years of age without a parish will find it difficult to secure one. But it is equally true that a doctor without patients, a lawyer without clients, a merchant without customers, an author without readers, and a mechanic without a job will encounter the same difficulty. If a man at fifty years of age is without employment, the world generally concludes that this fact is due to some unseen defect in him. Though this conclusion is not always correct, there is no vocation in which it is not to be encountered.

It is true that in Protestant communities the laity no longer pays that respect to the cloth which was formerly paid to it. The minister must secure respect by a conduct and character which deserve it. This conduct and character are no longer assumed because he wears a white necktie. But there is no man in the community who is more respected, if he proves his worth and asks no favors for himself because of his profession.

It is true that the church and the minister suffer, not only in honor and income, but in influence, because of denominational divisions. But the competition between the churches is no longer war. The denominational rivalry is generally honest and often generous. Church competition is more irritating than trade competition because it is more incongruous. But increasingly church competition is giving way to church co-operation, and in such church co-operation lies the hope of church unity in the future.

Every vocation has its disagreeable incidents, its disadvantages, its burdens, its call for self-sacrifice. It would not be difficult to match our correspondent's article by one concerning the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, the teacher, the lawyer, the doctor. For example:

Why I Do Not Want My Boy to Be a Doctor.

The doctor has no home life. He is at the beck and call of everybody at every hour of the day and night. He deals with men and women when they are in abnormal conditions, often when they are unreasonable or racked with fears and anxieties with which he cannot but sympathize. They sometimes call him too late, and he knows that if they had acted more promptly a long sickness, perhaps death, might have been avoided. Sometimes they call him when there is nothing the matter, and he must either offend them by telling them so or appease their mental trouble by a harmless medicine. When his bill is rendered, it is a chance if they have not almost forgotten that they were sick and think his charge excessive. If they do not, his bill is very apt to be laid aside—the last to be paid. The wise doctor recognizes the fact that disease is a mystery, and that he cannot always tell what the symptoms reported to him or discoverable by him indicate. The quack always thinks he knows, and the wise doctor often finds his patient taken away from him by a dogmatic but ignorant adviser. No man goes through a long life without making a mistake. The conscientious doctor carries continually the responsibility for human lives. A mistake, if he makes one, seems to the family unforgivable, and even if they forgive him it is difficult for him to forgive himself. The lawyer wins some causes, the politician some elections, the minister saves some lives from self-destruction, but the doctor is all his life long fighting a losing battle, for he is fighting death, and death is sure to win at last.

The self-denials, the anxieties, the burdens of the doctor are at least as great as those of the minister; and a case scarcely less discouraging might be made out for any one of the useful vocations in life. When all is said, however, the young man who is ambitious for money, position, or exalted and evident influence had not better enter the ministry. The self-denials of his profession may not be greater than those of other professions pursued in a spirit of unselfish service, though it may be claimed that they are both more unavoidable and more continuous. But the compensations to any one who has a passion for spiritual service are very great. The minister has a definite income, generally paid with fair promptitude, and can know within what limits he must keep his expenditures. He has an opportunity once a week to speak on the highest themes of ethical and spiritual life to an audience most of whom have come with real desire for inspiration to help them to live better lives. He has a vantage-ground for dealing with the very sources and springs of community life, and though he may not be able to exert as direct an influence on political and social organizations and legislative enact-

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ments as can be exerted by his classmate who has gone into the law, he has an unequaled opportunity to guide, stimulate, and even create the desires for improvement out of which all social and political reforms must grow if they are to be permanent. All homes give him welcome or at least an opportunity to win a welcome, and as personal counselor and friend he can exert a beneficent influence in the community limited only by the extent of his sympathy, fellow-feeling, practical wisdom, and innate courage. And if he is able to fulfill—that is, to fill to the full—the opportunities of service opened to him by his pulpit and his pastorate, he may rejoice in a harvest of friendships only less in their devotion than those of husbands and wives, and those of parents and children to each other. Finally, if to him God is a living God and his Great Companion, to him may belong the joy of imparting this faith and giving this companionship to scores and perhaps to hundreds to whom before God was only the Great Unknown.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

TO A DISCOURAGED FRIEND

I have no talent or gift of any kind, am hopelessly uninteresting, and of no use in the world. I have no ability to make friends; friendless and alone, I am tired of living. Under these circumstances, with no one dependent upon me, is there any harm in committing suicide?—UNKNOWN FRIEND.

THIS is a very natural question. Many a man has asked it of himself who had not the courage to ask it of another. Some men of great talent, world influence, and now of historic fame have asked it. Elijah had thought to reform Israel, had slain the prophets of Baal, had called on the people to follow him, had found in a cowed and frightened people no response, had fled before the threat of the queen, and, going into the wilderness, "came and sat down under a juniper tree, and requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

I wonder if every one has not at times been confronted by the ominous question, Is life worth living?

Let me give here two answers to this question as they have been furnished by the lives of other men—answers which have been an inspiration to courage at discouraging times in my own life.

Sydney Smith, a man of great abilities, great energy, and noble ambitions, was at thirty-seven years of age shunted into a country parish which had been long neglected, and where it is said the congregation was so small that the clerk used to go to the churchyard stile to see whether enough people were coming to form a congregation. Sydney Smith wrote to his friend the following lines: "If the chances of life ever enable me to emerge, I will show you that I have not been wholly occupied by small and sordid pursuits. If (as the greater probability) I am come to the end of my career, I give myself quietly up to horticulture, etc. In short, if it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but, as long as I can possibly avoid it, I will never be unhappy. If, with a pleasant wife, three children, and many friends who wish me well, I cannot be happy, I am a very silly, foolish fellow, and what becomes of me is of very little consequence."

Sydney Smith had excuse for discouragement. Conscious of great powers, he was banished to a corner of England where those powers had no opportunity for self-expression except in occasional letters to appreciative friends. What his splendid courage carried him through, and what service in after years he was enabled to render, is a matter of public history and need not be recalled here.

Life affords many illustrations of the truth that one can never guess from present conditions what future possibilities may be held out before him. Never could Moses have guessed, when driven from the royal court of Egypt to become a herdsman in Midian, that he would be called to be the founder of a free

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commonwealth, a pattern for all free peoples in after years. Never could Luther have guessed, when banished to the Castle of Wartburg, that he was to revolutionize the religious faith of half of Europe. Never could John Bunyan have guessed, when forbidden to preach and confined in Bedford Jail, that his imprisonment was to enable him to write perhaps the greatest religious allegory in the world's literature. Never could Lincoln have guessed, when defeated in his Senatorial contest with Douglas, that he was in training for the most important work wrought by any statesman in the next decade.

But discouragement is caused not only by conditions which forbid the discouraged soul from exercising the powers which he is conscious of possessing. It is sometimes caused by a conviction that the powers necessary to a useful life are lacking and by a failure to realize the service which an unsuccessful life may render to the world.

The life of John Sterling is one of the most pathetic with which I am acquainted. He started in the ministry and gave it up, partly because he had not the temperament for ministerial success, partly because of theological doubts and difficulties. He attempted literature, wrote some plays that were never acted and some poems that were rarely read. He went with his wife to the West Indies. Misfortune followed him there. A cyclone and a tidal wave swept away much of his property, and he and his wife barely escaped with their lives. He returned to England, a hopeless invalid, to die. Yet I am inclined to rate Thomas Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling" as the best piece of literary work he ever did, so full of meaning, so rich in value, did that lost life seem to the rugged Scotchman. And John Stuart Mill, who was certainly no sentimentalist, wrote to John Sterling, about a month before the latter's death, a letter from which I make the extract which follows:

"There is one thing which cannot be said to you too often, because I have seen before that there was real need of saying it. If there should be but little chance of your recovering anything like solid or perfect health, or even of your possessing permanently and safely such a degree of it as you have sometimes had for considerable periods together in the last few years, I am afraid that you will think that anything short of this is not worth having or worth wishing for—that you will be useless and helpless, and that it is better to be dead. I enter most perfectly into such a feeling, and should very likely feel the very same if I were, as I have several times thought I might be, in your circumstances; but I cannot conceive anything more completely mistaken than in your case such a feeling would be. If you were never able to go through any active exertion, or to write a single line except an occasional letter, or to exercise any influence over mankind except the influence of your thoughts and feelings upon your children and upon those by whom you are personally known and valued, you would still be, I sincerely think, the most useful man I know. It is very little that any of us can do, except doing good to those nearest to us, and of what we *can* do the smallest part in general is that which we calculate upon and to which we can attach our name. There are certainly few persons living who are capable of doing so much good by their indirect and unconscious influence as you are, and I do not believe you have ever had an adequate conception of the extent of influence you possess, and the quantity of good which you produce by it. Even by your mere existence you do more good than many by their laborious exertions. I do not speak of what the loss of you would be, or the blank it would make in life even to those who, like me, have, except for short periods, had little of you except the knowledge of your existence and of your affection. None of us could hope in our lives to meet with your like again, and if we did it would be no compensation; and when I think how many of the best people living are at this moment feeling this, I am sure that you have much to live for."

To my discouraged "Unknown Friend," and to other readers in those hours of discouragement which sometimes come to all of us, I commend the examples of Sydney Smith and John Sterling, with this brief comment:

If we cannot do what we *would*, let us do what we *can*.

If we cannot *do* anything, let us *be* somebody.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson

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THE HEART'S DESIRE OF RUMANIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

RUMANIA and her children give one the impression of being at once very old and very young; very old, because, except those Mediterranean peoples who received their arts and culture from older Asia and Egypt, no nation in Europe has so long a memory, going back so far into the past in unbroken consciousness; very young, because only in the last two generations, in the memory of men still living, has Rumania come to self-knowledge, to a self-dependent national life. Nay, more, the Rumanian nation is still in the building, only half completed, and the hearts of Rumania's children are burning with the passionate desire to make that life complete; for this they have gone forth to sacrifice themselves on the battlefield. And for us, since there is nothing more inspiring and beautiful, nothing fuller of promise for all mankind, than a new nationality full of rising sap and the promise of bud and flower, Rumania's drama is full of the vividest interest and value.

Rumania is very old. Few countries have so full and rich a history. Herodotus and Thucydides speak of the Rumanians under an older name. Philip of Macedon besieged their cities. Alexander the Great fought against them. Lysimachus paid them tribute; brides still wear his coins as trinkets. Julius Cæsar planned a war on them when Brutus slew him. Ovid, an exile there, wrote verse in their antique tongue. When the seer of Patmos was rapt into paradise, the Emperor Trajan was leading his legions thither; to reach them he built across the Danube a magnificent bridge of twenty arches, one of the greatest in the world; across the Dobrudja too, just north of the recent battle-line, Trajan built permanent fortifications. It was Trajan who turned the ancient Dacian kingdom into a Roman military settlement; he engraved the nation's history on a great column in Rome, and Byron rightly says, for the Rumanians, "Still we Trajan's name adore."

These are dead records; but even to-day Rumania is richer than any other land in living survivals of the old Roman spirit. The peasant names his yoke of oxen Trajan and Aurelian; Trajan's table, Trajan's meadow, Trajan's walls, keep the founder's memory green. A terraced snow-bank is still a Trajan's mound; and to the band of star-dust that through the quiet sky overarches their wide, fertile plain they give the name of Trajan's Way. The Rumanian praises God as Dumnezeu (Dominus Deus) and upbraids the adversary as Dracu (Draco) almost in pure Latin; and beneath many of his Church festivals there are far older memories of pagan Rome: his Palm Sunday (Floriile) keeps some fragrance of the old Floralia; on St. George's day he guards his house and byre against magic spells with willow wands and honeysuckle, a memory of the feast of Ana Perenna, when sinister spirits were about; on the third Tuesday after Easter, in the ceremony called Repotini, South Rumanian women make clay models of their bread-pans, a dim reminiscence of the Roman Repotia; and the Latin feast of roses, the Rosalia, survives with somber coloring in their Russalii (storm daughters), like the witches in "Macbeth." The Colindæ, Rumanian chants of Christmas and New Year, are the Latin calends, a word reappearing in Carindar, the Rumanian January. The old names of the months are, by an odd coincidence, very close to those of the French Revolution: Rumanian April is Florar, like the French Revolutionary Floréal, month of flowers; August is Massalar, like Messidor, month of the mowers; September is Vinicer, like Vendémiaire, month of the vintage; October is Brumarel, hoar-frost month, like Brumaire. Did the hint come from the Dacian Danube to the Seine? So the day-names Marti and Miercure are even clearer than Mardi and Mercredi, the days of Mars and Mercury, or, as we of the more northern nations say, the days of Tiev and Wodan. And the Rumanians have converted the goddess of beauty, regent of the sixth day, into Sinta Vineri, Saint Venus. On this day Rumanian maidens fast, that their hair may be fine and beautiful—an odd mingling of Christian and pagan.

II

Out of fifteen centuries of conflict and suffering Rumania is struggling back to the light. Submerged with the whole Roman Empire by barbarian hordes, torn in two by the contests between Magyar and Tartar and Turkish conquerors, she is even to-day trying to

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rid her confines of the last of these—the Magyars, who still hold her Transylvanian sons in subjection. The whole Transylvanian hill country, with rich valleys among the hills, was her old dominion, through which ran the mountain ridge, with the wide Danubian plain to the south and east. And, as it happens, Transylvania is the very heart of Rumania's traditional life, the fertile nursery even to-day of her best poets and historians.

Out of the blood-stained turmoil of fifteen centuries, in the throes of suffering and servitude, has come a Rumanian literature, the genuine work and possession of the nation—of the people, by and for the people. It is her richest spiritual possession, and the written literature of the land has value just in proportion as it holds closely to the old oral literature of the centuries. The rhapsodists, of whom there are still a few among the aged men of the mountains and back-country regions, chanted these ancient poems, to the accompaniment of traditional music; and some among them knew more lines of the old verse than there are in Homer and Vergil taken together. And in these ancient poems is preserved the genuine spirit of Rumania, that living memory that makes the Rumanians a nation. If you wish to know why, and by what spirit inspired, the young Rumanians have once more crossed the mountain passes to attack the Magyars, you will find the truest answer in the old national songs.

There is the epic of Mihu Copilul, child of the mountains, who rides at midnight through dark, thick woods; the pine-shaded paths are lit only by the sparks his horse's iron hoofs strike out from the stones. About him the forest sleeps. But his horse starts back, scenting a hidden foe: Janus the Magyar, with his band of plunderers, is ambushed among the trees. Mihu sounds a challenge through the woods upon his flute, caressing the forest, rustling among the leaves. Janus the Magyar hears him and bids his brigands bring the player—if he be a warrior with flowers upon his cheeks, they shall not harm him; but if he be a woman's fool, they shall give him the palm of the hand and let him go. But Mihu smites the messengers hip and thigh, and comes riding on to Janus, sounding on his flute a wailing tune so beautiful that the mountains echo it and the falcons gather to hear it; the woods awaken, the leaves whisper, the stars stop twinkling to listen. In single combat Mihu slays the Magyar Janus, and drives his men back to the hoe; these barbarians are not worthy to draw the sword.

Not fifty years ago that which is now the Kingdom of Rumania was a Turkish province, and the long ages of subjection to the Turk have left their scars on Rumanian tradition. Here is an ancient story concerning a soldier whom the Turks dragged from his home, sending him to war against their Tartar enemies: An aged Ruman father dwells in his house in the midst of vineyards; to him, white-haired and white-bearded, his eyes full of dreams, a late-born son is given by Heaven; and the old man fondles him, pressing his forehead to the little closed fists. The child grows, loves, marries, and must forth to fight for the Sultan. "Weep not now," he says; "in ten years, if I come not, you shall weep, for I shall be dead. Then, my father and mother, give my sweet widow again in marriage; she will be too young to live alone. And let her wedding feast be gay, without vain sorrowing, for I shall be asleep far away, pale, without a cross, my face turned to the sky."

Stefan went forth to fight the Tartars. Ten years went, and he had not come back again. The aged father wept, but, remembering his son's wish, sought a new husband for his daughter-in-law, and the feast for the marriage went merrily. But the old man was full of grief, and, rising in the festival, he said: "It grieves my soul to see you drink the wine my son gathered in vintage. Ah, sorrow and sadness, departure with no return! This is the last cup of his wine that I shall drink until my death—that will not tarry long!" And, going down to the rich vineyard, he wrecked and tore and cut, breaking down the vines. Hoofs sounded on the road. A horseman, passing, asked him why he destroyed them. "White-bearded old man, art mad, thus to hack the clusters, the branchlets, and the roots, so that the vines shall bear no more?" The old man told the reason of his sorrow—the going and the death of his son, and the second marriage of that son's wife. But the horseman said, "Give me hospitality, old man, for I am weary."

So the white-haired father came forth from his vineyard. Stefan, leaping from his horse, set the old man in the saddle, and thus they came to the house, where the *chora* (the dance) was whirling in the courtyard, noisy and full of joy, and the wine-cups were going round. Then they came to the table, and, as the custom is, the old man offered to each

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guest the salt-platter, that he might lay on it a gift for the bride. When it was the stranger's turn, Stefan laid his wedding ring on the platter. His wife, examining the gifts, recognized it and him, and there was great rejoicing. Stefan once more took his place by the hearth, and for his return the festival was celebrated.

III

The Rumania of to-day is as large as England, with a population equal to that of England a century and a quarter ago. The present war seeks to add to it Rumanian lands and Rumanian peoples equal to Scotland, and, like Scotland, a region of pine-clad hills. But in many things it is to Ireland, rather than England, that comparisons point. We have seen that there is intense nationalism. There is also, as in Ireland, a land question, bitterly fought between two parties. Of cultivated land—as rich as any in the world, so that this small kingdom stands fifth among the nations for wheat and fifth for wine—Rumania has twenty million acres. Some ten million acres are divided into little peasant holdings of less than ten acres each; some ten millions into great estates averaging over two thousand acres, worked by laborers not far from serfdom, while the owners, absentees like the Irish landlords of the past, spend their money lavishly in Bucharest or Paris. So it comes that in no other country in Europe is the chasm so wide between the few very wealthy landowners—less than five thousand families—and the great bulk of the people who till the soil.

Yet another comparison with Ireland. The first ruler of modern Rumania, besides being a great nationalist, was the leader in a nation-wide land agitation which had for its aim just the aim Parnell had in view in Ireland—to turn a nation of laborers into a nation of peasant owners; and, like Parnell, the Ruman leader was ruined through a tragedy of passion, and left his work undone. So it comes that the land question is, after nationalism, the greatest and gravest question in Rumanian politics. For the present it is in abeyance; but it will assuredly come up again after the war.

This passion for the land and for the things that grow upon it has deeply colored Rumanian poetry. Just as among Irish popular ballads there is a class called "Come all ye's," from their first words, so, in Rumania, whole groups of poems begin with the names of plants or fruits: "Leaf of the violet! Leaf of red clover! Leaf of the mulberry! Leaf of the bramble! Leaf of the acacia! Leaf of marjoram! Leaf of arbutus!" Here is a love song that is representative of many:

"Green leaf of the hawthorn! nothing any longer touches my thought. Since longing came upon me, it has taken prisoner my heart; since longing seized me, my soul is on fire. I climb the hill, I go down into the valley, and my day is wasted by the roadside. I pass my life in longing. My little sweetheart, whose lips are like a flower, when I see thee, I forget the plow in the furrow, the pickax struck into the earth; I let my oxen graze, my plow rust, my pickax rot. Alas, little sweetheart! if thou wert willing, I would drive four plows and till the whole land! But thou art not willing, my woe, and I die of longing!"

There is a note of fierce jealousy in this: "Oh, tears! be poison for her whom I hate! May my eyelids close upon my eyes with the weight of tombstones!" And one finds also a plaint of pathetic sadness:

"I thought I saw the swallows of spring alight upon my house beams; they seemed to be my guests of olden days. Oh, blue sky of the first day when I opened my window to them! The swallows are the loves and longings of my young years; my passion soared on their wings, and my sighs sang in their complainings. But now the snow has come, the nest is empty! Why, alas! to-day, should I dream of spring?"

Equally simple, equally poignant, is the imagery of another lament: "When she departed, leaving me alone in the garden, in her footprint I sowed a flower. I watered it with my tears, and it grew and blossomed. But her hand plucked it not. The flower withered and I threw it on the roadway. Thus, of a surety, did she pluck my memory from her heart!"

In these folk poems one finds wonderful phrases: A wanderer went to the world's end, "where things that are mingle with things that are not;" there is an old widow, "old as Time, and so poor that even the flies had deserted her hut;" there are sheep that whiten the hillside "like a carpet of opened flowers." And some of the songs end with a graceful touch of humor: "My hero is still living—unless he has died!" "The wedding feast is still going on, unless it ended—like my song!"

One of the best of these poems is in praise of poetry itself, of the national Ru-

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manian poem, the "Doina:" "Oh, doina, doina, sweet song, when I hear thee I halt in the way. Oh, doina, doina, song full of fire, when thou echoest I stand still. Spring winds blow, and I sing the doina in the open air, amid the flowers and the nightingales. When winter comes, laden with tempests, I sing, in my cottage, the doina, to guard my days and nights. When the birth of the leaves in the forests comes again, I sing the doina of the brigands. The leaf falls to the earth, and then I sing the doina of lamentations. I speak the doina, I breathe the doina, I live only through the doina!"

One may sum up in the words of the late King Carol, who made himself a true Rumanian: "Our popular poetry in a marvelous way mirrors the painful times of a past full of fear and suffering. While science and politics lay dormant, poetry was profoundly alive in the Rumanian heart."

IV

If poetry be the soul of the Rumanian people, the tillage of the soil is its body. The wide plains of the Danube and its affluents—the Sereth, which flows south from Bukowina; the Yalomitsa, which rises in the Carpathian foothills; the Aluta, which comes southward through the mountains from Transylvania—are among the richest farm lands in the world; lands on which the fawn-colored oxen and buffaloes of bygone days are yielding to modern tractors and steam plows, just as, alas! the national costume of the peasants, splendid with colored needlework, is in danger of absorption into the drab monotony of "civilized" clothes. These rich lands the Rumanian peasants tilled as serfs, for masters who for centuries were little better than serfs of the Turks.

Rumania was for generations the battlefield of the Turks from the south, fighting against the Russians from the north; the Russians who, after long and abject helotry to the Moslem Tartars—of the hordes of the great Genghiz Khan—had slowly and through much suffering shaken off the Tartar yoke, at last driving their conquerors back to the shores of the Black Sea, on the fringe of the Sultan's Empire. Something over a century ago one of these interminable wars raged between Russian and Turk; and Suvaroff, the wild genius who led Empress Catherine's armies, inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Turks in a region largely peopled by Rumanians, at Ismailia, just north of the mouths of the Danube. The peace, made in 1812, gave Russia as spoils of victory the region between the Dniester and the Pruth, which bears the name of Bessarabia, from the old Rumanian princely family of Bessarab. There was hardly even a stirring of Rumanian nationality then; the name, even, of Rumanian had hardly come into being. The whole of the future Kingdom was still divided into two Turkish provinces: Moldavia, to the north, between the Pruth and the Carpathians; and Wallachia, to the south, between the Transylvanian Alps and the Danube. Their administration, which consisted largely in plundering their populations, was for the most part carried on by Greek traders from Stamboul, who bought their offices at auction from the Sultan, and counted on organized robbery to get back the price.

A word concerning the faith of the Rumanians. All eastern Europe, from the line of the Balkans northward, owes its Christianity to two Slav apostles, Cyril and Methodius, who, drawing their inspiration from the ancient Church of Constantinople, carried the Scriptures and Prayer-Book, in the old Slav tongue, to the northern half of the Balkan Peninsula and to what was to be the Russian Empire. So old Slavonic became the Church tongue of Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Russia, to whose living tongues it stands in the same relation as the Latin of the Western Church does to Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. It also became the ecclesiastical language of the Rumanian region, where it has always been an alien speech. So that in working toward national consciousness and life Rumania had gradually to turn its Church tradition and services into the national tongue, as in the domain of law it threw off the shackles of the Phanariote Greeks, with the jargon they brought with them from Stamboul. For, while the best writing of modern Greece is close to the beautiful old tongue of Hellas—no living tongue has changed less in two millenniums—the daily speech of the peasants and the Constantinople traders is no better than a jargon. And this was still more true a century ago, when the fight for the Rumanian tongue began.

While they were thus winning a language for their nascent nation, which was coming up out of the throes of centuries of suffering and subjection, the Rumanians were at the same time reconquering, by slow and painful stages, the power and right to govern them-

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selves, though still under Turkish suzerainty. The people of Wallachia now elected their own prince, as did the Moldavians to the north. By a happy inspiration, they effected a union in 1859 by electing the same man to both offices, and Alexander John Cuza, whom we have likened to the great Irish Nationalist Charles Stewart Parnell, became the first Prince of United Rumania, whose administration was completely unified in 1861. But five years later a strong party in Rumania brought about his downfall; in part because of elements in his private life, but more, perhaps, because of his land policy, which meant the emancipation and enrichment of the peasant millions at the expense of the few great landed families.

Then came the suggestion, made first, it is said, in France, that a prince of the old Roman Catholic line of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen should be called to govern Rumania; Prince Carol, of that ancient house, was unanimously accepted by a Constituent Assembly, which in the summer of 1866 formed also a Parliament of two houses, to govern constitutionally in union with the Prince. The Sultan of Turkey was still suzerain over Rumania; but Prince Carol, who was a trained soldier, throwing himself heart and soul into the national life of Rumania, organized and trained an excellent army, and began a network of strategic railways leading up to the mountain passes and down to the Danube, and later connected with the Black Sea by the line to Constanza, which crosses the Danube by the magnificent bridge at Cherna Voda, the "black water." These were happy days for the Rumanians. Wealth and well-being increased; new writers, full of the spirit of Rumanian nationalism, multiplied poems and histories, dramas and romances, of Rumanian life; and Carol's consort, who had been Princess Elizabeth of Wied, became, as "Carmen Sylva," the enthusiastic prophetess of the Rumanian tongue and its ancient, beautiful traditions. The closeness of that tongue to French made easy a rich interchange between the two languages; Rumania's memories and aspirations were told in French, and the best French writers became the models of the young Rumanians.

V

In 1854, a dozen years before the coming of Prince Carol and "Carmen Sylva," and five years before the two Danubian principalities were first united, Russia and Turkey had once more gone to war. Turkey, with the support of Napoleon III and Viscount Palmerston, was able, when the war closed, to get back a part of Bessarabia, which had then been a part of the Russian Empire for nearly half a century. In 1877, eleven years after Carol had come to rule Rumania, the Turkish persecution of the Slavonic Serbs and Bulgars led Russia once more to intervene in the Balkans. On May 17 a Russian army began a southward march through Rumania and across the Danube; and, after a first serious check at Plevna, Rumanian troops under Prince Carol were invited to join the Russians and fought splendidly through the remainder of the campaign. But the distribution of the fruits of victory brought discord. Russia claimed and received western Bessarabia, which had been Russian territory from 1812 to 1856, but which had been embodied in Turkish Rumania from 1856 to 1877. As compensation Russia compelled Turkey to cede to Rumania the Dobrudja plateau, which turns the Danube northward at Silistria. But the compensation was felt to be inadequate; the alienation of Bessarabia, with its million Ruman inhabitants, was one of the causes which led Rumania, six years after the war, to throw in her lot with the Central Empires.

Against the Central Powers, however, Rumania had a deeper and more lasting grievance. In the Bukowina, in Transylvania, and the Banat, there are four million Rumanians, and this whole region is saturated with the most ancient Ruman traditions. The city now called Karlsburg, in southwestern Transylvania, was Apulum, the headquarters of the legionaries of the Rumanian region; Sucheava, on a tributary of the Sereth, in Bukowina, the Beechland, was the ancient Moldavian capital; and in the Putna monastery, hard by, the old Moldavian princes were buried.

It is curious, and far from creditable, that the Rumanians of Transylvania and the Banat, subject to Hungary and governed from Budapest, have been far more harshly treated than their brothers in the Bukowina, directly under the Austrian crown. At the very time when the Magyars, under Louis Kossuth's fiery leadership, were fighting for their liberty and their national ideal these same Magyars were planning to disfranchise the Rumanians of Transylvania and reduce them to helotry. Transylvania was to be represented at Budapest by sixty-nine Deputies; but these were all to be Magyars or Germans,

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although the Rumanians were two-thirds of the whole population, while the Magyars were but a quarter and the Germans less than a tenth. This was in 1848, the "year of liberty." In 1863 the Emperor Franz Josef, bringing Transylvania more directly under his rule, dealt more generously with the Rumanian population; but three years later the Prussian victory at Sadowa broke the Austrian power. Hungary asserted herself, recovered Transylvania, and has been bullying and maltreating the Rumanians ever since, as she has bullied the Slovaks and other Slav peoples within the Kingdom. Under the Magyar election law, of more than four hundred representatives elected to the Diet, only one was a Rumanian. A tyrannous Magyarization went on at the same time, for there is a false nationalism as well as a true. And now the cup of injustice has flowed over; the armies from the Rumanian Kingdom lately poured through the Carpathian passes in an effort to liberate their western brothers, to reunite the old Rumanian land. And so rich, so fertile, so full of promise, is the Rumanian genius that the whole world stands to gain through a fuller expression of Rumanian nationalism. We have come to learn, through long centuries of pain and struggle, that the fruit of a nation's work is of sterling and universal value, of genuine worth in the world, only when that nation is living and breathing in the free spirit of its own genius; and this Ruman nation, young and strong and vigorous and of uncorrupted life, for all its centuries of tradition, has, we are confident, rich treasures in its heart, to be brought forth for the enrichment of the world.

WHY I DO NOT WANT MY BOY TO BE A MINISTER[1]

BY A MINISTER

ONE of our denominations closely allied to Plymouth Rock has just published an elaborate and well-conceived plan for the celebration within the denomination of the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims. Five planks are in the platform, and all are worthy of acceptation except the first half of number four: "Large numbers of recruits for the ministry or other Christian callings." How much energy should be expended in getting "large numbers" of recruits for the ministry at the present juncture?

Let me say, at the outset, that I am, and have been, a minister in good standing. I have perhaps been fully as successful, as that word is ordinarily used, as the average minister. I have held positions of influence and have not been in want.

I came into the ministry naturally. I was dedicated to it at birth by a consecrated father. I have taken my life-work seriously and given myself to it unsparingly. When my own boy was born some years ago, emulating my father's example, my first prayer of thanksgiving also included a dedication of the wee youngster to my profession. On the whole. I now wish to take it back. I still dedicate my boy to Christian service. I shall feel a solemn exultation if he shall elect to serve in any capacity on the foreign field under a reputable board; I shall rejoice if he chooses some form of Young Men's Christian Association or social betterment work; I shall welcome his becoming a consecrated teacher or a self-sacrificing physician; if he enters a business calling with high ideals and purposes, I shall not deem it amiss—but I do not want him to be a minister. Why? I will be frank.

First, I do not want my boy to be intellectually fettered—in other words, I want him to have the scientific attitude and devotion towards truth. This he cannot have as a minister. He might perhaps have it as a minister at large or in a secretarial position, but not as the minister of a local church.

I wish my boy to have a broad and liberal education. In the process of this education he would survey the field of history and would see how ineffectual and puny are individual prejudices when arrayed against cosmic forces. He would dip into science, and his spirit would be exalted in the free quest of truth. He would start with certain hypotheses, but these would be beacons of light to illumine the way rather than fagots of fire to hem him in. Get at the ultimate, says science; if our hypotheses are established

[1] See an editorial in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

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by your researches and data, well and good; if not, so much the worse for the hypotheses.

My boy would leave the inspiriting breezes of this free investigation with truth as its ultimate and he would begin to find the air very different even in the theological seminary. The weight of a dead hand would begin to be disagreeably noticed. Conformity, rather than investigation, would be the keynote. The seminary was founded, not to ascertain truth by the historico-scientific method, but to propagate certain beliefs and perpetuate certain forms of polity. A medical school is exhilarated by a new discovery; a theological school is disturbed by it.

If my boy should be fortunate enough to leave the theological seminary with an open mind, he would then encounter ordination in a denominational ministry. The event would not be particularly trying, only significant. If it were one of the more conservative denominations, the "fathers and brethren" would let the young candidate know both by precept and example that his greatest usefulness would consist in shining as a stalwart supporter of the faith once delivered to the saints. If my boy should choose one of the more liberal denominations, the pressure would be lessened somewhat, but there would still be little said about the truth that maketh free.

These preliminaries being over, there would come the long, grueling experience in the local church. I have stood it, am standing it, but I do not want my boy to, for so much of it is unnecessary and altogether useless. He can serve God and humanity with less dolorific sweat and with more soul satisfaction elsewhere.

In the local church my boy would find that an open mind and a passionate loyalty to truth are neither personal assets nor community desires. If the local church has been unprogressive, it will be found with an exclusive creed couched in archaic language to repeat which or to give assent to which would place a burden on my boy's conscience, sure to be provocative of great unrest. If, perchance, the creed has been overhauled out of deference to a certain amount of modernism moving over the local waters, certain unpleasant facts will still remain. The local church, though ostensibly liberal, is almost always under the direct control of the conservatives and reactionaries. These latter, nine times out of ten, will be in the saddle. My boy would be stimulated in his Sunday morning efforts by the known presence of some virile thinkers and fearless investigators; but in *the conduct of church life*, in the formation of religious policies, in the devotions of the problematical prayer-meeting, in the educational pabulum doled out to the young, my boy would deal very largely with men and women untouched by the modern spirit. Not progress, but conformity, would be the cry. "We never have" effectually blankets new ideas. Because some conscientious but narrow-minded individual threatens to withdraw financial support, the much-needed reform dies of inanition. My boy will be given an impossible and heart-breaking task. He will be asked to make bricks without straw. He will be asked to lead, and then not be granted the indispensable conditions of leadership. He will bring all his splendid enthusiasms and trained abilities to the altar of reactionary stand-patism, and while he is waiting for Baal to light the fire his soul will be eaten out by the accumulated rust of long-continued grief. From the standpoint of idealistic loyalty to truth, I do not want my boy to be a minister.

Secondly, I do not want my boy to lose a healthy sense of ambition and live under financial limitations all his life. This he is almost certain to do if he enters the ministry.

I will not dilate on the salary question at length. The meagerness of the average minister's stipend has been proclaimed far and wide. It has been pointed out more than once that a larger number of ministers receive under a thousand dollars per annum than over, that the average wage is considerably less than that of the skilled mechanic, and that in some cities the unhappy inhabitants of the parsonage are worse off financially than the "white wings" that clean the city's streets. It is further pointed out and at once admitted that the minister's expenses are considerably higher than the expenses of the other classes mentioned, that the minister himself by reason of his education has normal desires and tastes far above the salary he receives, that his tools are books and magazines which must be constantly replenished, that a certain amount of travel is rendered very desirable by his vocation, and that his home must be better furnished and his family better dressed than the grade of his wage would indicate. In other words, his living receives a larger community dis-

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count than is accorded his other wage competitors. It would be very easy to overload this paragraph with statistics, which, however, I refrain from doing. For a vindication of the main contention look up the financial status of the minister just around the corner.

Now, assuming that my boy is an average boy in intellect, physical equipment, geniality, and the desire to be somebody and do something; assuming that he has average ideality and consecration; assuming that he is willing to make generous *negative* sacrifices in entering the ministry—that is, that he is willing deliberately to turn aside from the gainful occupations into which he might throw himself with manifest advantage—why should I as his parent not encourage him?

Because the sacrifice is too great, and, further, as needless as it is great. The first raw fact, of course, to confront him will be inadequate support. My boy is no ascetic, so he will want to marry and bring up a family. Just as the average fond parent, so he will desire for his loved ones, not an exorbitant, but a fair share of life's good things. He will want to live comfortably, educate his children, lay by something for old age and a rainy day, and do his share in civic enterprise and public improvements. He will need a small, well-chosen library, will wish to travel some, and would be greatly blessed in having a low-priced automobile. Surely these desires are not immoderate nor unspiritual. How possible are they in the ministry? About one chance in thirty-five in the city; less in the country,

A leader in one of our wealthiest denominations recently asked the writer how many ministers in his State were receiving as high as $2,500 per annum for their services, and then answered his own question by saying twenty. Now $2,500 is not an unreasonable nor immoderate salary for a man who has spent seven years of time and $5,000 in money in training for it. Moreover, it is not a wage which will meet many extra drains in a family of six, nor is it calculated at the present prices for commodities to puff its possessor up with spiritual pride, nor lead him because of his savings into an inordinate fondness for filthy lucre. Yet my boy would have to face the hard fact that the probabilities of his ever reaching this sum are greatly against him, and if he should reach the goal the probabilities would be against his holding it except for a limited time.

And herein lies a great and subtle injustice for the ministry of to-day, tending to quench the fires of a healthy ambition, such as gives energy and staying power in other occupations and professions. As a minister my boy's altogether legitimate ambition is liable to be early scotched and killed. If he enters my denomination, he will soon run afoul of this curious fact, that there are absolutely no benefits accruing from being a regular in the organization. In business organizations, like banks and insurance companies, the organization is built up and kept intact by a system of regular promotions. Every young man, upon coming into the organization, may have a legitimate ambition to receive promotion for merit in due time, and knows that the places at the top are some day to be filled by those now at the bottom. In my denomination, at least, this is far from being the case. Time after time the writer has noticed that the stronger churches reach out for ministers of other faiths. This practice may be good for the local church, but it is harmful to the organization. My boy could never have the incentive of the army or navy lieutenant that there is the probability of promotion for him within the ranks.

Worst of all, however, is the dead line. People may affect to laugh at it or ignore it, yet its tragedy is there just the same. All within the ministry know it and dread it. At a time when a lawyer is becoming ripe for the bench, at a time when a physician is in demand for consultation because of the weight of personal experience, at a time when a business man is easily recognized as one of the solid citizens of the community, the minister feels the cold shoulder of the church definitely turned his way. He resents it as undeserved and unjust. He knows that, instead of being worth less to the church, he is, with an accumulated experience behind him, worth more. Yet with all the positiveness of the equator the dead line is there. Said the head of a bureau of pastoral supply recently to an aspirant for a change of parishes, "You can make the change at forty-seven, perhaps at forty-eight, but don't on any account wait until forty-nine. That is the beginning of the end." Nothing was mentioned about the applicant's other qualifications. It all hinged on two figures. Painfully aware of these things from the inside, why should I want my boy to be a minister when he can in other lines with greater self-respect and satisfaction still serve his God?

And, lastly, I do not want my boy to be a

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minister because of its unnecessary social limitations.

Some stores give a special discount of ten per cent to clergymen. Most of us take it with alloyed gratitude. It is explained to us that the ministry, not being a gainful profession, is worthy of special favors. It is a patronizing attitude, however, that tends first to humiliate the minister and later to make him soft and cringing, ever looking sharply for special favors. The ministry should not be obliged to look for special favors and donations, but for justice and fair play.

The ministry is a lonely occupation. Try to stem it as hard as you will, the "cloth" does demark a man from his kind. Perhaps you have had a delightful chat over the morning paper with a red-blooded business man in the smoking-car. At last he politely inquires, "What line?" "Parson." "Ah, yes," and there is now a kind of soft-pedal difference which was not present before. Said a justice of one of our State Supreme Courts to me once: "I have been lonely ever since I came to the bench. The lawyers treat me differently now. I miss something I used to enjoy." I could understand. Would my boy find it worth while?

And then there is the useless economic waste and futility of so much of church life to-day. No one knows this any better than the minister or is readier to acknowledge it in moments of candor and honesty. When, as in olden days, there was but one church covering the needs of the average community, the minister was able to conceive of his position as one of necessity, dignity, and importance. But the foolish and unchristian growth of sects, with the consequent overlapping of parishes, over-churching of communities, and uneconomic reduplication of endeavor, has tended to bring the ministry into disfavor both in its own eyes and in public esteem. The Socialists are continually upbraiding the Church for its unpracticality and the ministry for being parasitic. In a sense, their contention is true. No whole-souled man takes any special pleasure in solemnly holding down a job with three other men in a village where any one of the four could take care of the situation better alone. No self-respecting man but deprecates the economic waste of it and feels his cheeks mantle with shame as four sets of women valiantly prepare four sets of bean suppers to help eke out four parsimonious salaries. It isn't right. He knows it isn't right. The women know it isn't right. The community knows it isn't right. And between all this knowledge and yet no action taken about it the ministry as a profession is suffering from the slow attrition of public esteem. I know it. You know it. And I want my boy and your boy to know it—and keep out if they possibly can—so that by stern necessity better days may come.

MODERNIZING RAILWAY ACCIDENT LAW[1]

BY ARTHUR BALLANTINE

IF you were to drop in at the trial of a jury case in any court of our larger cities, the chances are that the subject of the suit would be injuries received in a railway or street car accident.

Perhaps thirty people would be in the court-room occupied in one way or another with the trial. There is the judge in his robe, a dignified but quiescent umpire. The twelve men in varying attitudes of inattention seated behind the rail are, of course, the jury—taken forcibly from their own affairs to pass upon other people's troubles. A second jury may be required to wait in attendance. In and about the court-room are clerks, attachés, and bailiffs. Mr. Jones, the plaintiff (the stout man with a crutch), has his lawyer seated at a table inside the rail, and with the lawyer is his clerk, taking notes. The well-fed gentleman with the keen eye is the lawyer for the company, and beside him is his admiring junior. At the back of the room on one side are the wife, children, and the witnesses for the plaintiff—perhaps eight or ten people; and on the other side are six or seven witnesses for the company. All these peo-

[1] Mr. Ballantine's suggestion is that of a lawyer whose name in Boston, where he practices, carries respect and confidence. Moreover, when he laid his proposal before some of the most distinguished members of the legal profession, it met with commendation from such widely differing men as Dean Ezra R. Thayer, of the Harvard Law School, Mr. Brandeis, now United States Supreme Court Justice, and Senator Sutherland.—THE EDITORS.

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ple may be waiting about court for four or five days during the trial, and may have had to be there for a day or more before the trial began.

What is it all about?

It centers in an incident that took place—so quickly and quietly that no one would naturally observe it carefully at the time—a year or two before the trial. Mr. Jones was coming home in a street car after his day's work at the mill, and as he got off he fell. The first question now is, "What caused the fall?" This sounds simple, but it splits up into many issues. Did the fall occur at the usual stopping-place of the car? Had the car come to a full stop before Jones tried to get off? Had Jones been given time to alight? Did the conductor "give the two bells" to start the car before Mr. Jones got off? Was Mr. Jones getting off facing the front of the car or facing the rear? Did he step off or jump off? Did the car start up before Jones was clear of it? Where was the conductor when he gave the signal—on the platform or in the car? Had Jones paid his fare? Had he, before taking the car, made a stop at the nearest bar? Every one of these points, and others, may have to be gone into with the greatest detail, and the witnesses, most of whom did not know that there was any trouble until after Jones's fall, theoretically at least stake their souls upon testimony as to details that might have escaped the notice of a Sherlock Holmes.

What was the effect of the fall on Mr. Jones? This opens up a second set of questions. Did he suffer? How much did he suffer? Was he rendered unable to work? Will he be able to work again? On this point there will be sharply discordant testimony of doctors for the plaintiff and doctors for the defendant. And what was Jones's condition "prior to" the accident (no attorney or witness ever says "before" the accident)? On this point Mr. Jones's wife, his children, his minister (if he has one), his friends, and his doctor, tell his life story.

Each witness is examined, cross-examined, and perhaps re-examined and recross-examined—the cross-examination frequently, some one has said, turning an honest man into the appearance of a scared and perjured rabbit. The jury may listen if they choose, but they cannot take notes. Counsel for the company then argues, doing his utmost to win some consideration for the corporation. Jones's lawyer then makes a moving appeal, enlarging on the virtues of Jones, the need of his family, and the wealth of the company. The judge talks to the jury, wholly about the law, for, though he is the only trained and impartial person that sits through the trial, he is generally forbidden to give the jury the benefit of his seasoned judgment as to what, out of the welter of conflicting testimony, may be taken to be the real facts. The jury then goes out and brings in a verdict for Jones or for the company, as it may choose, sometimes with some regard for the merits, and in an amount reached by some process thoroughly mysterious.

The verdict by no means ends the matter. Either party may take the case to the court of last resort, and if the amount of the verdict is of any size the corporation is likely to appeal. This means a further delay of six months or a year before the court considering the case on a printed record prepared with much labor and expense decides whether the verdict of the jury is to stand. If the higher court decides that there was material error of law in the trial, a new trial may be ordered, and the whole process may be repeated.

This procedure is most unsatisfactory to Jones. Assume that he is honest in his claim and that he received an injury which for some time prevented him from working to support his family; for a year before his case could be heard he may have had to remain in idleness. Not a dollar could he get from the company in the time of his need. He had to pay his doctor's bills, and, to enforce his claim, he had to employ a lawyer, with the certainty that he would have to pay him a considerable portion of such amount as he might recover. As to what he would ultimately be awarded, if anything, he was left in the dark. His lawyer could not tell him. After all his worry, his waiting, his trouble and expense, he might recover nothing. If he wanted to settle his case, there was no way for him to tell what he was entitled to receive.

And the company is no better off.

It might seem that this system is advantageous for the company. If it had to deal only with the case of Mr. Jones, it might get off pretty well, but the fact is that it has to deal with a constant series of such claims. For this purpose it must have men upon its staff trained and ready to investigate every accident as soon as it occurs. It must have lawyers to prepare most of the cases for trial, and it must proceed very cautiously in the settlement even of honest claims, for if it

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allows the belief to get abroad that the company is readily inclined to settle, cases will steadily multiply. Yet, ready as the company must be to insist upon the establishment of all claims by suit, the result of a trial in any given case is likely to be unfavorable. It is the injured Jones, and not the corporation, that makes a human appeal to the jury. Handle these cases as best they may, the corporations are bound to be the victims of fraud. In large centers of population certain lawyers and doctors make a business of instigating and prosecuting these suits. "Ambulance chasers" bring in the claims. The evidence produced is likely to be precisely what the exigencies of the case require. City companies usually find that their expenses for handling these cases are likely to run up to from four to six per cent or more of their total annual receipts. With a large company this may mean an annual expenditure of upwards of half a million dollars.

And what about the public?

The State at its own expense maintains a costly setting for carrying on these wearisome accident contests. Court-houses, judges, clerks, juries, stenographers, and attachés are provided. No part of this expense is directly borne by the parties. In no small degree the just feeling of deep annoyance at the law's delay is due to the congestion of the courts with such causes.

What is the reason for all this?

The lawyer's explanation is historical and theoretical. *Fault*, he would say, has come to be the basis for determining one man's liability to another for the consequences of his acts. If the fault of the company causes harm to Jones, the company should be required to pay Jones money to make him whole, though if both are to blame Jones should suffer the entire loss, because he ought to be careful on behalf of both—though his babies may be sent to an orphanage. To find the *fault* and the damage, go to court and fight it out.

Why should liability in these cases turn upon fault? The real question for the public, which pays all the bills and has to get along under the system, should be, "What is the best conceivable method of securing a fair readjustment in society of the crippled Jones and the little Joneses?" Whatever the answer, the present system is the poorest.

The method now followed in dealing with injured employees under the workmen's compensation acts in various States points the way. Let the company become the insurer of the safety of its passengers up to a reasonable amount against any injury sustained in their transportation other than through their own palpably gross neglect. Under such a system the compensation for each injury would be according to a preestablished table carefully worked out by experts, and would be promptly payable through the instrumentality of a commission established for the purpose.

Accidents, however caused, unless by the gross or willful default of the passenger, would be dealt with as a risk to which the carrying on of the business exposes the passengers, and for which the company should be required to provide reasonable compensation as an operating expense. At the same time the idea that the transportation company must pay the full money equivalent of each injury would be given up. It is impossible to estimate pain and suffering in dollars and cents, and it is even exceedingly difficult to estimate the precise financial damage caused by a particular injury. The table of awards would have to be worked out so as to afford reasonable compensation to the average person of the class principally using the cars. In return for the right to recover prompt and sure compensation without payment to intermediaries, the passenger would sacrifice the possibility of recovering a great sum in a particular case. Those who believed that the statutory table would give them insufficient protection would reasonably be expected to take advantage for additional protection of accident insurance written by companies carried on for that purpose. It is now possible to obtain such policies at fairly low cost.

But this is a "radical proposal"! The workmen's compensation acts now so widely established made a similar departure, yet few would to-day suggest going back to the common-law handling of the claims of injured employees. As the laws stand to-day, a passenger injured in a railway accident may have a long and bitter contest to recover any damages, while the employee of the company whose negligence is claimed to have caused the accident secures prompt compensation from the company without suit. How long should such a discrimination be continued?

The financial burdens of companies for injury claims would not be increased under such a plan. They would probably be decreased. Something would be payable in

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every case, but the maximum amount would be limited and a huge percentage of the total present expenditure that goes to various intermediaries would be largely saved. There should be an end of the fraudulent claims.

Of course Constitutional questions are involved, but they can be answered or met. The companies are quasi-public corporations. The United States Supreme Court has already held that such companies may be made absolutely liable for injuries to their passengers. It would seem reasonable that the passenger may himself be subjected to the system which applies to the company. If not, his desire to sue the company at law can be removed by the abolition in these cases of the common-law doctrine referred to as the rule of "*respondeat superior*," which enables him to make the company pay for its employee's default. Left to pursue his legal remedy against the motorman or engineer, the passenger would be likely to elect to come in under the statutory plan.

For injured persons prompt and sure compensation without wait, worry, or waste; for companies relief from the expense of investigators and lawyers and from the burden of fraud; for the public a decrease of the great cost of maintaining the courts and the clearing of the courts for the expeditious handling of other cases—these are results which may reasonably be hoped for from the extension to railway cases of the pregnant insurance idea.

THE NOVEL AND A FEW NOVELS

THIRD NOTICE

THE special quality of English fiction in this tremendous crisis, as The Outlook has already noted, is its freshness. Such a story as "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" bears witness to the awakening of a nation and is charged with the spiritual energy liberated by a supreme experience; but Mr. Marriott's "Davenport" [1] has until the close the air of leisure which is friendly to careful writing. This story, already commented upon, will delight those readers who do not run as they read. It is a study in psychology in which art obliterates all suggestion of the laboratory; there is a marked absence of stock characters, and one has the pleasant sensation of being with people who are not only decent but unusually interesting, with conversational gifts not often found even in the "highest circles" of fiction's society.

The transition from drawing-rooms and studios to the deck of the wind-jammer in Mr. Snaith's "The Sailor" [2] is so abrupt as to be startling, but the standards of literary skill are not changed; as a piece of writing "The Sailor" would be an unusual story in any season. In "Broke of Covenden" Mr. Snaith drew the portrait of a proud, unbending man whom circumstances could crush, but could not change; in "Araminta" he gave us a delightful romance with the dew of youth on it; in this latest novel he has achieved a triumph of construction and of form which puts him in the front rank of contemporary novelists. Joseph Jefferson said that Mrs. Siddons's genius was most strikingly shown in her ability to make good women dramatically interesting; she had no need of the adventitious aid of the strong contrasts of crime, of the high lights of broken laws; Mr. Snaith has created a man of vigorous impulses, without a touch of moral consciousness, whose childhood is submerged in poverty and cruelty, who goes through six years of brutal sea life, starts his career on land in dense ignorance of the things which a man must know to live, who is buffeted and beaten almost into insensibility by unrelenting hardship, and who is the victim of a merciless woman of the worst type, but who survives and triumphs—a man with no aid from love or care, or the help of decent conditions, or the sustaining power of faith, with a dogged decency of nature that carries him through vileness and misery with a determination to "keep on keeping on."

"The Sailor" is full of incident and adventure by land and sea, told with the frankness of Mr. London but without the strong repulsion which the brutalities of "The Sea Wolf" awakens. It is more than a tale of adven-

[1] Davenport. By Charles Marriott. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.35.
[2] The Sailor. By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

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ture; it is a tale of the greatest of adventures—the adventure of life—told in elementary terms, with a kind of "Robinson Crusoe" minuteness of detail, but penetrated by a glow from a central integrity of nature. The Sailor is as innocent as Parsifal and as unassailable; no temptation touches him because nothing within him responds to its appeal. His struggle with conditions is the elementary fight of a man to free himself from bondage to the accidents of life, to secure room and air and light for the free expression of his nature. The moral vigor of such a career has the tonic of fierce manhood in it, but it is as free from didacticism as "Robinson Crusoe."

Mr. Locke goes on writing modern fairy stories as if England were at leisure; and this is well both as a sign of vitality and because in such a time men sorely need the refreshment which the imagination has brought to every generation. "The Wonderful Year"[1] is a pleasant tale of that pleasant country in which good manners and good inns make travel recreation. The real hero of the tale is not the clean-hearted young Englishman who revolts against the drudgery of teaching examination-French in a provincial English town and goes to Paris in pursuit of fortune, but Fortinbras, *Marchand de Bonheur*, one of Mr. Locke's happiest and most original creations; an unconventional magician in shabby clothes but of winning manners, of ruined fortunes and tireless kindness. In Paris the youth with the dreary background meets a girl who has escaped from a background as dreary and is a half-starved art student; and to these two, desperate in fortune and nearly bankrupt in hope, comes the "dealer in happiness," and sets them off on a bicycle tour to Brantome and the Hôtel des Grottes. The adventure has the slimmest financial foundation, but they are young and France is fair, and life is still an inviting possibility. The innkeeper and the people of the little town are sketched slightly, but with a vitality that makes the France of to-day—an organized power of sacrifice—a new nation to those who had judged the France of yesterday by its temperament rather than by its character.

The actors in this story stand out so clearly that one is almost persuaded that "The Wonderful Year" is a novel and not a fairy tale, but the American girl with her millions and Egyptian episode sublimate the reality, so to speak, while the war gives a touch of seriousness to the ending. Mr. Locke's novels, however lacking in probability, stabilize happiness by making it the result of kindness rather than of conditions, and further the diffusion of happiness by making the Pharisee love the publican, to quote the happy phrase of a distinguished American essayist.

Mr. Powys has read Russian fiction not wisely but too well, for the pessimism of the Russian does not express the depression of the English nature; it is the product of a different soil, history, and temperament. In Gorky's most tragic novels there is a sense of fate; in "Rodmoor"[1] the characters could have been decently happy if they had used a little common sense. No romanticist ever selected his materials more arbitrarily than has the author of this tale, very appropriately dedicated to "the spirit of Emily Brontë." The scene is a little village in the fens on the east coast of England; mists of the kind that suggest melancholy and disease always rest on the landscape, the sound of the sea sets everybody's nerves on edge, the lover makes everybody unhappy in his brief vacation from two asylums for the insane, the two women who love him are driven to the very verge of madness by him, and the story ends in a dramatic *coup* by which the woman who is not to marry him gets him out of the asylum onto the river, floats him to the sea, and when he dies in the excitement of the escape binds herself to his body, launches him, and floats off to death on the North Sea; meantime there has been a cold-blooded seduction, a suicide, a murderous assault, and a series of senseless miseries, and the end of it all is a bleak and meaningless futility. The novel is a dreary waste of a high order of ability.

Miss Lagerlöf's story of Swedish peasant life, "The Emperor of Portugalia,"[2] is also a tragedy, but is full of tender human feeling. Ruffluck Croft comes to life emotionally when his child is laid in his arms; she grows into a sweet girl, and his inarticulate soul goes out to her and is bound up in her. In time the pretty child, grown into charming womanhood, goes to the city to earn the money to save the cottage from sale; the money comes just in time to save the house, but no word

[1] The Wonderful Year. By William J. Locke. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.35.

[1] Rodmoor. By J. C. Powys. G. Arnold Shaw, New York. $1.50.

[2] The Emperor of Portugalia. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

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comes from the girl, nor does the doting father get any message as the years go on; but the neighbors know that the girl has taken the downward path, and reports of her prosperity mean to them her ruin. He goes to the steamboat landing every day to meet her, but she never comes; he believes that she has become an empress and assumes the rank of an emperor.

The delusion is infinitely pathetic, and the old man an infinitely tragic figure. The story is told with a beautiful sincerity, and with the exquisite simplicity which is the final achievement of art.

THE READER'S VIEW

MEXICO AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Rev. H. C. Schuyler (Outlook, October 4, page 287) is mistaken when he states that Carranza and the Constitutionalists wish to take away, and are taking away, from Catholics property and the right to possess property. About ninety-nine per cent of the Mexican people are Catholics, but by the adoption of the Constitution of 1857, after a long and bloody war, all church property was confiscated by the Government, and convents or monastic orders prohibited under penalties.

Religious orders in defiance of the Constitution of 1857 existed by sufferance in Mexico during the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, owing, doubtless, in part to the fact that the Dictator's wife was a most devoted Catholic.

Carranza and the Constitutionalists, whatever may be their sentiments in regard to it, are simply enforcing the provisions of the Constitution as they found it, unchanged, after almost threescore years. It is possible that they are enforcing the law with unwonted zeal because it is an open secret that the clerical party in Mexico has always been in sympathy with the conservative political element, or, in other words, with the *Cientificos*.

ARTURO DIX TEMPLE.

Piedras Negras, Mexico.

THE CUBIC MEASUREMENT OF THE WORLD'S GOLD SUPPLY

Mr. C. H. Tallmadge, of Buffalo, New York, has pointed out a serious error in the article headed: "If England Suspends Gold Payments," written by me for The Outlook of October 25.

In that article I stated that, "Figuring at 25.8 grains to the dollar and 4,900 grains to the cubic inch, eight billion dollars of gold would be contained in a sixty-foot cube."

I confess with mortification that I made a miscalculation. A sixty-foot cube of gold would contain about seventy billion gold dollars weighing 25.8 grains each.

The world's present supply of coin and bar gold, estimated at about eight billion dollars, would be contained in a twenty-nine-foot cube. The exact calculation is as follows:

A gold dollar contains 25.8 grains of gold, Troy weight.

A cubic inch of gold contains about 4,900 grains, or $190.

There are 1,728 cubic inches to a cubic foot. A cubic foot of gold would therefore contain $328,320 worth of the metal.

A twenty-nine foot cube contains 24,389 cubic feet, multiplied by $328,320 makes $8,007,396,480, which is about the equivalent of the world's estimated supply of gold coin and bars at present.

I am more than glad to make the correction, although it is not important except as emphasizing the infinitesimally small basis upon which the world's credit structure is superimposed.

In his kindly letter calling attention to my mistake, Mr. Tallmadge quotes the following epigram which he attributes to Justice Brandeis, and of the truth of which I am more than ever convinced:

"Arithmetic is the first of the sciences and the Mother of Safety."

New York City. THEODORE H. PRICE.

THE PRODUCER AND THE DISTRIBUTER

As Mr. Thistleton in his article on "My Neighbor's Cherries, and Some Problems" (The Outlook for September 27, 1916) says that he does not know why the retail grocery stores are here, I would like to inform him that they are here because there are very few people in the United States who do not either directly or indirectly require their services. He thinks that because milk is distributed regularly and promptly other farm produce could be. Efficient distribution requires a uniform supply and demand, while with farm produce surplus and shortage follow each other frequently. The demand is also very irregular. The system used in the distribution of milk will therefore not work with other farm produce. In regard to daily express trains for shipment of farm produce, if the existing express companies could be guaranteed five or ten car-loads a day to be delivered at central points they could handle the business more cheaply than could be done by the fantastic, imaginary system proposed by Mr. Thistleton. It is doubtless true that if people would mail their orders the day before the goods were required prices would be reduced twenty-five per cent. It is also true that if they would carry their goods home another important reduction in prices could be made. ***

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BY THE WAY

The Pennsylvania Railroad, it is reported, will discard white lights in its signal system. The increasing number of white lights on buildings, driveways, etc., close to the railway's right of way has necessitated the change. Under the new system green will replace white in indicating "clear track," while a bright yellow light, visible for long distances, will be used for "caution." As heretofore, red will mean "stop."

Mary Shelley, wife of the poet, wrote many letters to Leigh Hunt and his wife; and some of these letters, hitherto unpublished, appear in the November "North American Review." In one of them the delight of the poet and his wife in their life in Rome is thus pictured: "We pass our days in viewing the divinest statues in the world. . . . It is a scene of perpetual enchantment to live in this thrice holy city. The other night we visited the Pantheon by moonlight and saw the lovely sight of the moon appearing through the round aperture above and lighting the columns of the Rotunda with its rays. My letter would never be at an end if I were to tell a millionth part of the delights of Rome."

In "Some Notes on Marriage," by W. L. George, in the "Atlantic Monthly," the witty author mentions a few "things to be done" in order to make marriage successful. One is: "Once a day say to a wife, 'I love you;'—to a husband, 'How strong you are!' If the latter remark is ridiculous, say, 'How clever you are!' for everybody believes that." Another injunction is: "Do not open each other's letters. . . . And try not to look liberal if you don't even glance at the address or the post-mark."

Constantinople even in war time is "the epicure's most golden cornucopia," in the view of a contributor to "Harper's Monthly" who writes about the restaurants of that famous city under the heading "The Adventure of the Many Dishes." No sweets in Europe can compare with the Turkish, he says. As for puddings, "*mahelibi*, a firm, white pudding said to be made of the pulverized white meat of fowl delectably sweetened, gets a curious hold on the stranger." "*Ous koumri*" is described as "surely one of the finest fish in the world." One gets the impression, however, that most Turkish dishes contain too much sugar to prove agreeable to the average Western palate.

"The editor of the London 'Academy,'" says a correspondent of "The Writer," "is one of a large class of correctors of other people's English who use a microscope by preference to the naked eye. The process leads to curious absurdities. He says: 'Perfect to us has always meant perfect. A thing can no more be 'almost perfect' than it can be 'almost infinite.'" The editor's critic, on the other hand, believes that "almost perfect" has more frequent warrant than "perfect," for the latter is purely an ideal, while we frequently see things that are "almost perfect."

The Ohio Agricultural College offers this fall a new course which will cover only the five months of cold weather, thus enabling the farmer or his sons to take advantage of the opportunity of expert instruction during a period when they can best be spared from the farm. There are no entrance requirements, it is stated, except farm experience.

Osage orange wood has been found to contain valuable materials for manufacturing dyes, and it is said that at the present time over $1,000,000 worth of these dyes are being manufactured in this country annually. Large quantities of this wood are produced in Oklahoma.

Mrs. William W. Hubbell, who died a few days ago, was one of the few Americans who remembered the visit of Lafeyette to this country in 1824. As a small child, she was held above the crowd to see the famous Frenchman as he passed through the streets of Charleston, South Carolina, in that year. She was also notable as the widow of the inventor of the time fuse for explosive shells; this fuse is said to have been first used at the battle of Antietam during the Civil War.

A picture published in The Outlook of October 18 purported to be that of a train of prize Jersey cattle sent from Waterloo, Iowa, to the East. The picture was actually one of the Twentieth Century Limited, though labeled "The Flying Jerseys." The New York "Tribune" reproduces this picture alongside of one of the Twentieth Century Limited train, and makes itself happy with comic cuts showing Jersey cows getting brushed off, tucked away in berths, and manicured after the manner of the legitimate passengers of limited expresses. The American Jersey Cattle Club, which sent out the mislabeled photographs, explains that although the photograph was not that of the train in question (since that was not at the time made up) it fairly represented a fancy-cattle train. The genuine cattle train consisted of eight Arms Palace cars for the cattle, two Pullman sleeping cars for the cattle owners, two baggage cars, a business car, and a diner. As the cattle therefore not only were in a train composed in part of Pullman cars but actually traveled in palace cars, the "Tribune's" artist only slightly exaggerated the attention that was paid them. If any of the cows saw their pictures in the "Tribune," they doubtless felt that, as the faithful servitors of man, they were only getting their due in the happy scenes depicted.

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